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Week of August 20, 1944



AUSTRALIA

Global Glamour Typical Beauties On All Our War Fronts *Painting by Henry Clive*

The World's Wackiest Race Track

"THEY'RE OFF!"
The crowd that packed the flag-draped grandstands, jammed the bleachers and hung over the rails roared as the horses broke away. It was a perfect start.

High up in the judges' stand, officials, their eyes glued to binoculars, closely followed the horses as they pounded around the oval track.

In the paddock, other horses, led by their jockeys in gay silks, were being paraded in preparation for the next race. Betting was brisk.

The scene might have been Hialeah Park, Jamaica, Santa Anita, Belmont or any other horsey spot—but it wasn't.

The horses thundering around the track were not polished Kentucky thoroughbreds. They were big, broad-beamed nags that looked as if they should be pulling brewery wagons.

The bright "silks" of the jockeys were signal flags, and captured Japanese flags, pinned to GI shirts. The jockeys and the spectators were Australian soldiers.

The grandstands are crudely constructed affairs. The rails that enclosed the dusty oval are rough-hewn logs. The judges' stand, like the betting booths, is a thatched-roofed hut.

The track is set down in the middle of a New Guinea jungle. Australian-built, Australian-managed, the establishment—known to troops throughout the Southwest Pacific as "Digger-Yank Park"—is the strangest spot for the Sport of Kings in the world.

The race track was constructed by the Aussies shortly after they tossed the Japs back over the Owen Stanley Mountains. Bulldozers, under the supervision of Army engineers, leveled off the oval—the infield of which is a cemetery full of dead Japs.

Three grandstands were erected—a covered one for officers and nurses, and two sun-baked ones for enlisted men. The biggest buildings are the thatched betting booths.

Although Digger-Yank Park may be a sorry imitation of a swanky race track as far as looks go, it's the real McCoy when it comes to wagering. More dough per man is probably shoved across the betting windows in proportion to the attendance than in any other track.



The Broad-Beamed Nags That Pound Around the Jungle Race Track Will Never Hang Up Any Records—and They're Always in Danger of Being "Scratched" by Jap Fliers.

That is because the jungle-fighting Aussies, with no other place to spend their money, think nothing of plunking down several months' pay on a nag.

Bookies are taboo. All the wagering is done at the windows. And all

the profits on the races—which are run once a month—go to the Australian and American Red Cross.

The horses are not native to New Guinea. They're "gifts" from the

Japs. They were taken away from the Nips, who shipped them all the way from Japan for pack animals.

Even if the entries are a queer assortment of horse flesh, they turn in some bang-up races. And, according to the soldier spectators, they provide more thrills and spills than slim-shanked bluebloods could.

Digger-Yank Park is probably the only track in the world where a horse can be scratched—after the race has begun. This has actually happened several times.

This queer "scratching" occurred at one of the recent races. The animals were thundering down the home stretch when, suddenly, out of the tropic skies, a Jap fighter plane dived down, strafing the track with its machine guns.

The lead horse, two lengths ahead, and less than 100 yards from the finish line, came its last cropper. The jockey, miraculously untouched by the spraying bullets, leaped clear of the steed that had just been shot out from under him.

A sign, quickly hoisted above the betting windows, read:

"All bets off. Wagers can be transferred to next race."

A Shangri-la for Orphans

SOME day soon a lot of "unfortunate" boys and girls are going to be about the happiest kids in the world. Most of them won't have any father or mother, and others will be the offspring of ignorant incompetents. But they won't mind. They'll be living in a man-made Shangri-La.

The "underprivileged" young residents of this pleasant place will be the wards of the Chilean Government. Their new home will be a super orphanage called La Ciudad del Nino—The Children's City—and it

will have everything for the young. On its 80-acre plot on the outskirts of Santiago, the little city will have pleasant homes scattered through the landscaped grounds. Not more than 50 youngsters will live in each home.

These rich little poor boys and girls will keep cool in their own swimming pool. They'll see the latest movies in their own theatres. They'll go in for tennis, basketball, football and track sports on one of the finest playing fields in the world.

And when any of them get hurt, or feel sick, they'll be housed in their own up-to-date hospital with able doctors and graduate nurses to take care of them.



The Guests at the Quiet Little Wedding Were Amazed at the Freshness of the Cake—Which Had Been Laid Away for Five Long Years.

Cut Her Cake—5 Years Late

BACK in the summer of 1939, at the little English village of Eastleigh, pretty Winnie Smith was making all arrangements for her marriage to a British soldier, Arnold Wilson, who was soon due home on leave after four years' duty in India.

Came the day of the wedding but no bridegroom. Fearfully, Winnie learned that because of the threat of war in Europe all army furloughs had been canceled. Her soldier fiancé would have to remain at his post thousands of miles away.

"What will I do with the wedding cake?" she asked her friends.

"Save it until he comes back," suggested one. "Properly wrapped, it'll keep."

So, tying up the confection in waxed paper, Winnie carefully put it away in a large tin box.

Then Hitler marched. Arnold never did get home, and the bride-to-be all but gave up hope of ever taking the prized cake out of the closet. Year after year went by. Finally Winnie joined the ATS—the British equivalent of the WAC—and went overseas.

Five years later, Arnold got his leave and made a bee-line for Britain. This time luck was with him. His bride had just been recalled to England from her foreign post.

The wedding was rescheduled and the cake, at last, was taken out of storage. Beaming and smiling, Winnie cut it. The baker's masterpiece—one of a rum variety—was perfectly fresh. Proof that it was as good, if not better than when first made, was soon seen in the empty plate.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Edna Danley of New York, N. Y.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather... as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, brighter, clearer! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Amazingly 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, listable results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now a beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
- Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
- Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"I got time to play with the children... now I'm washin' regular with this new soap that gives

more suds!"

"Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS sure cut down on rubbin'. Saves time and keeps me good-natured!" says Mrs. Louise McKenna, holding baby Jimmie in her arms



"Beats me how such HARD-WORKIN' SUDS can be mild as May on Madeline's nice dresses... to say nothin' of my hands."

"You should have seen the stuck-in dirt on Tommy's and Edward's rompers before Super Suds got after it!"

The "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water (even hard or cool water) in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds.

* YOU COULD USE A THIMBLE TO MEASURE THE SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP. DIDN'T LAST EITHER!

* BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES MAKE RINSIN' A PROBLEM... AND CAN'T BE MAKIN' SUDS!



* PLENTY OF SUDS FROM SUPER SUDS! THICK, LIVELY, LONG-LASTIN' SUDS TOO!

* NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS. A BIG SOAP SAVING!



FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

Family Life in the Firmament

New and
Revolutionary
Theory of the De-
velopment of Star
Pairs Shows Stellar Twins Are
Much More Common Than Scien-
tists Supposed, and Many
Families Often Form Clubs We
Call Constellations

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

THE stars, too, have families. Rarely does a star twinkle in solitary glory. The vast majority of the stars "live in families."

Our sun, one of the stars, is most exceptional in being alone. And, there are newly found reasons to suspect that once the sun also enjoyed family life; had a star partner. Just how this family was broken remains one of the tantalizing great mysteries of the stellar universe.

Such is the gist of a new and revolutionary theory about the stars, which has recently been presented to the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, by Prof. Peter van De Kamp, of Swarthmore College, Pa.

The stars, like our sun, generate their own heat and light. The planets, on the other hand, are dark and cold, like the earth, and depend for their warmth and illumination upon the light and heat of the nearest star, to which they belong.

For ages, looking at the heavens with unaided eyes, man has been able to see about 2,500 stars, from each hemisphere, as single pinpoints of light.

So, he came to have the wrong notion that all stars were bachelors or old maids.

The telescope first revealed that there were some stars which were really two or more stars together, forming stellar families.

Seeing twin stars, two fiery balls revolving around each other, through the telescope is a thrilling experience in anyone's life.

Star families of two are the commonest, but there are far more complicated families, too. For example, the pretty bright star called Castor—which seems single to the ordinary eye—turned out to be a family of six stars, three pairs of twins, dancing around each other in an astounding manner.

Until recently, the astronomers believed that the single stars were far more numerous than family stars. Among the stars visible to the naked eye, one out of five was supposed to be "twin stars," or a star family of two members.

Prof. De Kamp's investigation of our nearest stars, made at the Sproul Observatory, in Pennsylvania, has given us quite a different idea of the stellar set-up.

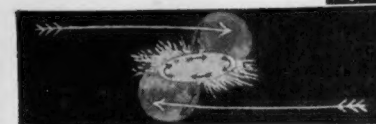
It has been found that among the nearest five stars four are "star families," and the fifth one, too, seems to have a partner, although



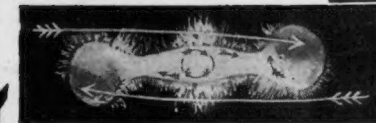
First Stage of Collision Finds Star Pair Distorted and Ready for Impact.



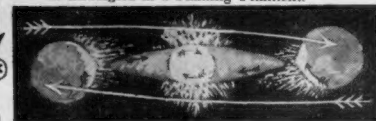
In Second Collision Stage the Two Stars Crash Into Each Other.



The Colliding Stars Move Out of Impact and Form a New Body In Between.



After Impact the Two Stars Pass Away and the Matter From Each Is Entangled in a Flaming Filament.



Final Result Is That Two Variable Stars Are Formed With a Brilliant Temporary Nova Star In Between.



Perseus
Arrows Show
Twin Stars on
Map of
Perseus and
Auriga.

Auriga

so far this is not clearly proved.

One of these neighbor stars, Alpha Centauri, consists of three stars, closely bound together. The star called Lalande 21185 and Barnard's Star each has a partner. Then, the famous, and brightest of all stars, Sirius, is a family of two stars.

So far only Wolf-359 has failed to reveal its star partner, although Prof. De Kamp seems to think that he'll find this one is also mated with a hidden companion.

The invisible members of the Barnard's Star and the Lalande 21185 star families might be shown on the newest kinds of photographic plates, which are capable of registering very dim red and infra-red light. These hitherto unseen stars weigh, each, about one-twentieth as much as does the sun.

So, as stars go, weighing 100-million-million-million-million (100,

000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) tons is considered to be very "light weight."

It's funny, too, the way Prof. De Kamp talks of our nearest neighbors among the stars. He means a distance up to about ten light-years; and that is the distance that light, traveling 186,000 miles per second, takes ten years to reach.

If our five nearest star families are, each, represented in size by a tennis ball, then the celestial globe, with a ten-light-year radius, would be represented by the whole earth, having a diameter of 8,000 miles.

Keeping these great sizes and distances in mind, we can say that the stars are very social, and have a great habit of sticking together.

However, the stars are not spread evenly in single or family units throughout the Milky Way. Indeed, there are well organized "star clusters," that is, star clubs, whose members are closely united stars and star families.

Our own sun, with its planets, belongs to a particular cluster or stellar club. The members are spread out over a wide area all around, occupying a global space whose diameter is 2,000 light-years, that is, some

12,000,000,000,000 miles.

Another famous star club is the Pleiades Cluster, with 200 star families in it.

In the Milky Way, it has been estimated, besides the sun, there are some 100,000,000,000 stars—and most of them, possibly over 90 per cent, have families. They're grouped in different clusters.

The center of this whole Milky Way System is where the clustering is the thickest—it's the center, the hub of our stellar universe.

Now, the stars never stay at rest. In a family of twins, each star dances in a circle, or egg-shaped pathway, around the other. Besides, whole clusters go round and round.

The sun, with all its fellow club members, revolves around the center of the Milky Way, just as the earth goes around the sun, year after year.

It takes the sun 200,000,000 years to complete one circling of the Milky Way center; that is, 200,000,000 years constitute one Cosmic Year.

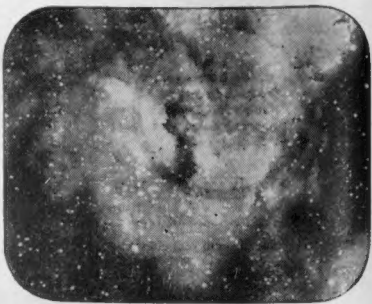
It seems likely that since its birth, some 3,000,000,000 years ago, the sun has made 12 to 15 trips of the cosmic merry-go-round.

Star families and star cluster clubs constantly are losing their members, and are broken up.

The attraction of the outside stars tempts the stars to leave their families and clusters. In 3,000,000,000 years a cluster might be pretty nearly dispersed. In twice or thrice that long, the families would break up.

Since the families and the clusters still go on, it seems that the stellar universe—consisting of, maybe, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars or more—is not over 5,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 years old.

The universe is still young, social and restless.



Glowing Gas Clouds in the Southern Milky Way Caused by an Explosion of the Star Eta Carinae a Century Ago.

**That's What the Court Believed
When It Threw Out His Rich
Bequest to the Lady Psy-
chologist Who Tickled
Him Under the Chin**



Mr. Reeves Reacted to Mrs. Frankenhach's "Scientific Tricks." It Was Testified, by Trying to Leave Her His \$150,000 Estate.

SADLY, or happily, depending on the point of view—cases are numerous of elderly widowers who have willed their fortunes to young women, unrelated to them by blood or marriage.

These transactions, as a rule, are quite simple. The lady supplies charm, or allure. The doddering cavalier—susceptible as old men proverbially are to that particular commodity—pays. And everybody is happy except the people who consider themselves his rightful heirs.

However, when Frederick S. Reeves, a Long Island country squire, died at the age of 76 and left his \$150,000 estate to Mrs. Leona Hager Frankenhach, whom he had known for only two years, it appeared that something new had been added to the familiar formula.

Mrs. Frankenhach is a lively and pretty brunette. She is also a pioneer and for that the austere New York State's Court of Appeals has given her full credit, though at the same time it has tossed out her claim to the squire's estate.

The august tribunal held that she had subjected gaffer Reeves to fraud and undue influence; consequently, not she, but his neglected daughter, Mrs. Emily Reeves Cookerly, now residing in Miami, Fla., should get the inheritance.

The surprising part of this decision was the form the fraud and undue influence was alleged to have taken.

For, according to the court, Mrs. Frankenhach did not depend on allure. She depended on psychology. It might seem that a man of Mr. Reeves' means and position would

have been well enough up on that subject to have countered its wiles successfully.

The fact is, however, that he never had much education. Good fortune came to him late in life. Before, he had been an anonymous teller for the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Co., which operates a New York subway.

Riding trains, deep under the sidewalks of New York, he probably picked up a smattering of crowd psychology—especially rush-hour crowd psychology—but the finer points, as allegedly practiced by Mrs. Frankenhach, seem to have escaped him.

When a millionaire uncle died, leaving him \$300,000 in cash and the family mansion at Southampton, Mr. Reeves emerged from his burrow. Seventy-one at the time, he was like a man reborn. In fact, as he surveyed his newly inherited domain, his first remark, it was testified, was:

"This place is as near to heaven as I will ever get."

"That," his daughter's attorney told the court, "was before the coming into his life of Mrs. Leona Hager Frankenhach."

Leona's entrance occurred on the evening of September 9, 1939. None of the witnesses at the trial could explain how she happened to turn

No Will Power in Old Mr. Reeves' Will



Photograph, Which, According to the Family Lawyer, Shows Mrs. Frankenhach Busily "Psyching" Old Mr. Reeves.

"What was it that ever made Leona Frankenhach believe she could do this and get away with it? Well, I found it when I drew from her that she majored in psychology. That was her pet study at college. That is what she worked at."

"What is psychology? The science of human conduct." The study that lets us know why people do what they do; leading right straight into the science of the control of persons' actions. When I saw that, I knew I had found it."

But what exactly were the psychological tactics that helped Leona worm her way first into Mr. Reeves' home (six months after their fall encounter she, her husband and their three children were installed there) and then into his will?

As brought out at the trial, they were as follows:

At the El Chico Bar at Miami, in March, 1940, she called him "love-dovey" and placed in his mouth a cigarette she had been smoking;

On another occasion in Miami she tickled him under the chin with a blade of grass;

That same day she put her arm around his neck, in broad daylight;

Often, it was testified, she would run her hands through his hair and rub the back of his neck;

In May, 1941, she held his head and stroked his arm;

One witness declared that she wore daring dresses, another, that she persuaded Reeves to drink gin cocktails, after he had been on the wagon all his life;

And finally, Lawyer Fowler introduced in evidence a photograph—reproduced on this page—which, in his view, shows her in the very act of psychologically blitzing her alleged septuagenarian prey.

Accordingly, Mrs. Frankenhach applied her psychology with success to her subject Reeves, but failed to impress the learned court.

A dignified graybeard, who had been one of Mr. Reeves' neighbors, was present at the trial, he said, to find out the sort of thing to be on guard against. After getting a load of this testimony, the patriarchal neighbor remarked:

"So that's what they call it nowadays, huh? Psychology! Wal, wal, wal!"



Mrs. Emily Cookerly, Mr. Reeves' Daughter: Her Gain Was Psychology's Loss.

up at that time, though they agreed on the date and also on the fact that Mr. Reeves celebrated by not going to bed at 10 P. M., his usual hour.

That night he stayed up till midnight.

Under questioning of Mrs. Cookerly's attorney, Stanley Fowler, Mrs. Frankenhach admitted that she had previously attended Columbia University.

"Psychology was your main subject?"

"Yes," she said, and the lawyer beamed. Later, he confided to the jury:

"I wanted to know why Mr. Reeves did certain things. There must be a reason and I wanted the reason. Where a designing woman moves in on a man past 70 and makes him act like a child, she makes a perfect fool of him to the end that she walks off with all his money."

The LONG



Captain Akasi Fired. But the Coldly Smiling Malay Came On. Then, Though Bushido Forbade Retreat, the Terrified Jap Turned and Ran—Too Late.

The Ruthless Jap Juggernaut Could Conquer But Not Enslave the Ancient Warrior Peoples of the Eastern Seas; And Now It Can Be Told How They Waged a Savage Underground Struggle With Parang and Kris and Subtle, Age-Old Cunning to Prepare the Way for Our Eventual March on Tokio

O No. 1—When Malays Run Amok NCE Singapore, the ancient haunt of the orang laut, those bloodthirsty sea gypsies who harried shipping from Bombay to Hawaii, was considered the wickedest, or gayest—depending on the viewpoint—spot in the Orient. Until the Jap invasion of Malaya, the Lion City, its Malay name, was the brilliant holiday resort of the Far East.

The loveliest taxi dancers: dark-eyed Eurasians with grand old Portuguese names, willow-slim Chinese girls, stocky Jap geishas with cold eyes and muscular bodies, could be hired at the New World, the Happy World and the Great World, amusement centers where theatres, movie houses, restaurants, fantan houses, dope dives and sing-song joints catered to all who had the price.

Raffles Hotel still offered curry tiffin on its shady veranda, and Sid Hopkins and his orchestra lured all and sundry to the tea dances. The Swimming Club boasted its shark proof pagars. Members of the exclusive Cricket Club sipped their stengas and watched matches on the clipped turf of the Padang. And Sea View, a few

miles up the coast, was the Sunday morning rendezvous for Singapore society.

At night American, Australian and English vaudeville entertained at the Capitol and the Cathay night club, and rubber planters and tin taipans rolled kegs of cement down Goodwood Hill from the Tanglin Club.

The Sultan of Johore, six-foot-four representative of Oriental wealth and romance, entertained Singapore cafe society at his magnificent palace across the mile-long causeway over the Strait. He was not allowed in Singapore after midnight, for he was far too much the playboy of the eastern world for official Singapore.

One evening he roared across the causeway with his lovely third wife—not counting his Moslem quota—who was Marcella Mendi, and crashed into the Cathay. He heaved one blond chorus girl across his massive shoulder and announced that he was an old-time pirate, by Jove!

Then he decided he was tiger hunting and popped off in all directions with a big pistol. Of course, that was frowned upon, and when he entertained a large party of stuffy officials

with ladies of the evening dressed to look like the wives of Malay potentates, that put the lid on, so to speak.

But he still entertained cafe society and filled his palace with vaudeville actors, soldiers, Wrens and anyone who would come, quite regularly.

Then came the blast. The Japs had sneaked down through the "impassable" jungle. Singapore was bombed a few hours after Pearl Harbor, and the mile-long Causeway was blown up with a terrific report.

"Not serious, ruhly," huffed one rubber baron, "just natives after all, what!"

He was dead next day, with a bullet where his curry belonged.

And Singapore was abandoned to the Japs.

IT HASN'T changed much—according to the most recent reports that have filtered out through China and Burma.

Bandy-legged Jap officers strut into Raffles' and scold at the impassive waiters while they noisily sip their tea.

Cathay is still patronized and the dancers accept the tips from their conquerors while they sneer into their flat faces. Portly Nipponese leap fantastically on the tennis courts and dub their way around the excellent golf courses.

The New World and the other two centers are closed; taxi dancers elsewhere move fearfully and disgustedly in the clutching arms of Jap troops.

And Laven-der Street is going full blast.

At one time this was a discreet spot where

Singapore's Sampan Colony—a Floating Den of River Pirates, Drug Addicts, Iniquity and Treachery.



ROAD BACK



Singapore Nightclub Hostesses—Some Doubled Their Earnings by Selling Military Information to the Enemy. Now They Know What It Means to Deal With Men Without Honor.

girls appeared from small houses and softly invited their prospects inside. Rickshaws drew up silently to secluded gardens, and tiny Chinese girls with faces like masks posed like flowers for their lords.

NOW the Special Service Battalions of the Nipponese army have practically taken over Lavender Street. Geishas, Chinese, Javanese and Indian women clutter the houses, screaming at the hissing troops, bowing low, for they do not want bayonets through their lean ribs.

Opium, heroin and cocaine are offered openly and cheaply, for it is part of Jap strategy to stupefy the Chinese, and all their enemies with drugs until they become addicts and slaves.

In the Singapore River the opium sampans and curtain boats are easily found. In them men, and women too, lie in fetid bunks, smoking the poppy or sniffing cocaine, not caring when the curtains are lifted and they are exposed to the grinning Jap soldiers.

In fact, more than one Nip officer has lost face by the lifted curtain, and his rotund body has befouled the Roads off Clifford Pier.

And in secret kampongs to which the grinning officers are led by obsequious renegades, sombre-eyed island women perform solemn dances, and slip a kris into a Jap body whenever they get a chance.

To the north of the island the Naval Base is working 24 hours a day. Swiftly repaired, it is used to recondition the bomb and PT shattered hulls of the Nipponese navy.

Farther north, the tin mines provide fabulous amounts of that precious metal, and the overworked laborers eye their new and triumphant drivers with baleful eyes.

Malay rubber plantations, which supplied three quarters of the world's latex, are milked as fast as they can drip. But the Malay cutters wear their kusses hilt out—and wait.

For the Malay has a peculiar trait. When life becomes too much for him he runs amok!

He is a happy-go-lucky person with few desires above women, cockfighting and horse racing, and, of course, his beloved betel box. But he is dignified, sensitive and he never forgives an insult or the insult.

The Japs, who are for the first time conquerors in this beautiful land, have done little but brutal-

ize and humble their enemies.

Take the case of Captain Akasi, for instance.

At one time the noble captain was a houseboy in a wealthy planter's home in Singapore. He didn't like to remember that and talked a lot about bushido and honor. He swaggered about a small upland village barking orders at all and sundry. He barked too often at one young Malay named Anak Muda, the datoh, or chief, of the village.

He had thrown the chief out of his bamboo stilted house, of course, and laughed in his face when he objected. Other villagers had observed this. Then Akasi ordered Anak's fighting cock to be killed and served for his dinner.

Anak went away into the jungle to ponder over his shame.

Then, one morning, Capt. Akasi was strutting through the kampong sucking his teeth and frowning heavily at the fawning market women.

TROTTLING towards him was a young man with a sarong girded about his waist. His turban was soiled with dirt and in his right hand was a long, gleaming parang.

The parang is a useful weapon. Nearly a yard long, it has an elaborate hilt and a razor sharp steel blade, cunningly weighted at the end and decorated with careful wavy water lines.

Capt. Akasi observed this, puffed his chest a bit and looked with astonishment at the market women who were crouching back from their trays, screaming:

"Amok! Amok!"

He noticed that Anak had a queer smile in his flashing eyes and that betel juice stained his working mouth. Then an old woman stumbled as she sought to get out of his way.

Without a change of expression or the slightest tightening of that terrible smile, Anak swiped with his parang and the old woman dropped in the bloodstained dust, her head almost severed. A dog wandered across the empty street. The parang flashed red and the animal screamed, writhing in the dirt.

Akasi looked around nervously. Bushido forbade him to run away, so with an uncertain grin he drew his pistol and fired.

But the Japs are notoriously bad shots, and Anak came on, that cold smile still in place upon his pink-flecked lips.

Akasi fired again and the bullet plunked into Anak's brown shoulder. But he did not stop, for he was on his way to death.

Sweat stood out on Akasi's greenish face. He shrilled orders:

"Balle! Balle!"

But Anak did not go back.



Malay Betel-Nut Seller, Sleepy and Peace-Loving Until Aroused.



Raffles Hotel, Probably the Most Famous Hostelry To Be Found Anywhere in the East.

Then Akasi lost face and turned to run. But Anak was quicker. The blood-streaked parang rose for the last time and Akasi sprawled in the dust, his round, cropped head split down the middle.

Then, and not until then, a compassionate villager lifted an ancient muzzle-loader and speeded Anak Muda to his fathers.

That is running amok, and it is being repeated in so many Malay kampongs that the Japs dare not leave camp unless armed.

And as they retreat to the north the silent

cotton-fletched darts of the Sakal blowguns will flick down from the treetops, and more of them will drop, bloating with poison, and die in the leech-infested jungles.

Then the talpans will return to Singapore. Raffles Hotel, if it is still standing, will be fumigated, and the rubber barons will complain of the odor while they sip their stengahs.

The Cathay will be patronized as usual, and the Sultan of Johore, if he is still alive, will be very gay about the damage done to his palace.

Then the rubber men and the tin men will go to work with a new feeling of respect for their Malay and Chinese workers.

And Singapore will gradually return to its former splendor as the glittering resort of the Orient.

MAYBE. For up the peninsula, just north of the Malay territory in Siam, is the Kra Isthmus.

For many years a canal has been planned across that narrow neck of land, a canal that would save 600 miles to ships plying to the China coast. It would reduce Singapore from the Gibraltar of the Far East to a third-class port.

The Japs worked hard to make that canal. It is almost certain that with Siamese labor the Japs are even now working on the canal. If they have completed it, they have undermined the most important seaport in the world.

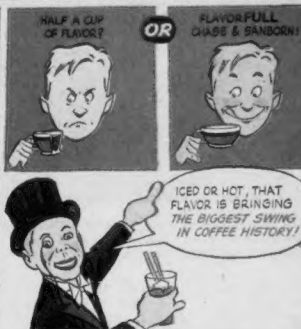
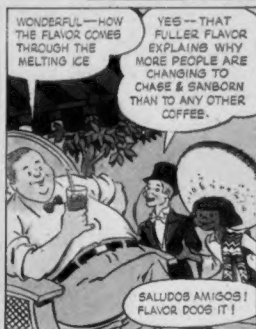
It is significant that Kra was chosen as the crossing place for the attack on Burma. In fact, many think that we will follow the same course in retaking that country.

When the Japs are driven back, as they will be soon, the Kra canal will be in friendly hands. And Singapore will be nothing but a charming spot in which to spend a short leave.

The second article of this series, appearing week after next, will tell how Bali natives got revenge on their Japanese conquerors.



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- NIACIN — an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.
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- CARBOHYDRATES — supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

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BREAD IS BASIC

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The Best Party Mr. Stolz Never Threw



According to Mr. Stolz, That Alleged Luncheon at His Home Was Just a Gossip's Dream.



Robert Stolz, Composer of "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time," Has Hit a Domestic Sour Note.

By CHARLES ROBBINS

THE Stolzes live in a spacious apartment furnished with the heavy solid furniture I am used to seeing in the homes of my friends in Vienna and Prague. Whenever you look you see rows of bound operetta scores, song and piano pieces, representing at least three decades of service to gay and waltzing Bohemia.

"In this atmosphere of warmth and charm, Bob, Einzi and I, together with Eddie Jaffe, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin, chatted, exchanged anecdotes, listened to melodies and stories . . ."

So wrote a well-known woman columnist, describing a luncheon party in the New York home of Robert Stolz, the Viennese musician, who has composed 38 operettas, 53 screen musicals and 1,200 songs, including that hit of yesteryear, "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time."

This columnist not only writes about other people's parties but has become internationally famous as a party-giver herself.

But, exotic as were some of the binges with which she has wowed society in her time, it's doubtful that any of them could hold a candle to that one gotten together at "the Stolzes."

Modest and harmless on the face of it, her report of that cozy gathering of notables has started a lawsuit and filled the air with bitterness for miles around.

It all began when Mrs. Margaret Lily Stolz, the composer's wife, picked up her newspaper and encountered the column in question.

Without pausing for a second reading, she hot-footed it to a lawyer and told him a story which, translated into legal jargon, is now in the hands of a judge.

War between the nations and domestic war between herself and her husband had broken out, she said, in the same year, 1939. They had been living in Paris then, refugees from a Vienna to which no amount



Mrs. Margaret Lily Stolz, Who Denies Her Love Notes Found Their Way to Dr. Ringer.



Dr. Ferdinand Ringer, Refugee Chemist, Invented the "Everlasting Match." But Not, He Says, With Mrs. Stolz.

of Nazi pleading could make them return.

Unable any longer to tolerate Robert's alleged abuse, she had left their home, making sure, however, that he would know where to get in touch with her. Absence, she thought, would make his heart grow fonder.

When there was no sign that it had, she returned and, as she claims, discovered that he had installed another woman in her place.

"At present," she concluded, "we are not divorced. We are still man and wife, but we no longer see each other. We came here on different ships and settled in New York in different apartments—or so I thought until I read this."

Whereupon, she handed the column

to the lawyer, who shortly afterwards filed in her behalf a separation suit containing the following paragraphs:

"Since his arrival in this country my husband has been living openly with a woman people call 'Einzi' and that this woman is known as Mrs. Robert Stolz and that she lives with him on Central Park West, New York City. A newspaper columnist has described a visit which she made to the home of 'the Stolzes' and the charming talk she had with 'Bob and Einzi,' as she called them."

When Mr. Stolz got around to replying to his wife's charges, the situation in the immortal words of Alice, of "Alice in Wonderland," became "curiouser and curiouser."

What he said was that he hadn't been present at any such party. Nor was that all.

"I can only state," he said, "that I have never met this columnist, that this columnist was never in my home, that the other people referred to in the column as being persons that she met at my home, to wit, Jean Gabin and Marlene Dietrich, were never in my apartment. In short, the event described never took place."

If it didn't, it nevertheless left some very real hangovers, as the columnist can testify.

In fact, she probably will have to testify, when the case comes to trial. Meanwhile, she is said to have declared, unofficially, that, unable in person to attend all the affairs she has to write about, she employs a woman to cover the Grade B functions—like "the Stolzes"—and give her the dope later.

All of which still leaves her account of the luncheon and that of the alleged host miles apart. In fact, there seems to be only one possible way of reconciling them: if the woman employe was a ghost-writer, then the party might have been the ghost party Mr. Stolz considers it, and, at the same time, have seemed quite real to her.

As for "Einzi," well, Einzi, he says, is his secretary and nothing else. "I need a secretary," he adds, "because I am not a business type."

Mrs. Stolz doesn't seem to be a business type, either, to judge from the remarks with which she recently greeted the court's denial of her plea for \$200 a week temporary alimony and \$1,500 counsel fees.

"I am a sentimental and emotional woman," she said.

This disarming piece of self-characterization was prompted by the composer's assertion that her love of Dr. Ferdinand Ringer, a refugee Viennese chemist, was what really broke up their marriage.

Both she and Dr. Ringer vehemently deny the charge, but Stolz insists that the daily love notes she used to slip under his pillow were suddenly rerouted to the chemist.

She would sign the ones to her husband with her pet name, "Bäferl," but those she allegedly addressed to her new love referred to him as "Little Mouse," which may have baffled him.

Dr. Ringer, an erstwhile research worker for Ivar Kreuger, is the inventor of the so-called "everlasting match," a remarkable lucifer, capable of lighting a man's pipe 500 times.

Aware of this achievement, Mr. Stolz probably wasn't surprised when, according to him, his wife declared that she wanted to make an everlasting match with Dr. Ringer.

She might have added, "and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

The chances are she didn't, though, since she says she never made any such announcement at all.

Bad Luck of Leopold III Foretold by the Stars

By SYLVIA LYON

THE STARS are fulfilling their unhappy promises to Leopold III, King of the Belgians. They predicted privation, peril, tears and tragedy, and now the heartbreak of war is making their prophecies come true.

For Leopold now is not only a king without a kingdom but a kidnaped king as well, separated from his children and held prisoner in Germany by the Nazis. And he firmly believes it was all foretold in the stars.

In 1937, two years before Hitler sent his Panzers into Poland and started World War II, an astrologer foretold the dire events that the future held for Leopold. His horoscope was read, and in it the star-gazer found: (1) a fate worse than that of his father, Albert I, who fell to death from a mountain in 1934; (2) that his children would be raised in a foreign land and (3) that he would be the last King of the Belgians.

Leopold has been plagued by that forecast ever since. His misfortunes began to pile up in 1940 when the German armies swarmed over his country and soon reached a sad climax when he surrendered the Belgians to the invaders.

For the last four years Leopold has lived in Laeken Castle, on the outskirts of Brussels, with gray-clad German soldiers standing guard at the gates. Just before giving up to the Nazis he sent his children—Josephine Charlotte, now 17; Baudoin, Duke of Brabant, 14; and Albert, Prince of Liege, 10—to Portugal. Some time later, recalling with alarm the prophecy that they would be raised in a foreign land, he called them home to share his imprisonment in Laeken Castle.

But that frantic effort to circumvent the dreaded prophecy was doomed to failure. The Nazis descended on him again not so long ago, transporting him and his devoted young wife to Bavaria and his children to the German Province of Thuringia.

Whether or not the children continue to be raised in that "foreign land," or still another one, is something yet to be determined by the fortunes of war and the readjustments of peace.

It may be, too, that through those peacetime readjustments, another part of the prophecy will be fulfilled. Increasing cross-currents in the politics of his unhappy country may finally result in Leopold's being the last King of the Belgians.

The dominant group, the Conservative Party, is committed to the monarchy. But the Socialist Party, second largest, is determined that Leopold be ousted because of his capitulation to Germany. Also there are forces which are working for establishment of a republic.

Whatever else happens, Leopold is pursued by the fates. He must feel it, for he already has drunk deeply of

the bitter cup of misfortune. A year and a half after his father's fatal plunge from a precipice at the Marche les Dames, his wife, Queen Astrid, niece of the King of Sweden, was killed in an automobile accident near Lucerne, Switzerland.

Astrid's death, too, may have been in the stars. For a sort of jinx has hovered over the royal family of Belgium since Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld landed at La Panne, a fishing village on the coast of the North Sea, to become the first King of the Belgians in 1831.

Lelia Baels, the King's Beautiful Commoner Wife, Shares His Exile While He Awaits the Ominous "Fate Worse Than His Father's."



Leopold's Children (Left to Right, Albert, Prince of Liege; Baudoin, Duke of Brabant, and Princess Josephine Charlotte) Are Being Reared in a Foreign Land, just as the Star-gazer Predicted.



Queen Astrid, Tragic Victim of the Royal Jinx.

heavy hand, the while scandalizing Europe by his self-indulgent private life. He was an example of moral breakdown.

Albert, the nephew of Leopold II, was a victim of the breakdown of Mother Nature. He was mountaineering, his favorite pastime, when a big rock slipped from under him and he tumbled to death.

Bad judgment was the breakdown of Leopold III, Albert's son. He was at the wheel of his royal car on Aug. 29, 1935, when he took his eyes from the road to examine a map in his queen's hands. The car swerved and overturned. Astrid was flung against a tree and killed.

Then the omens of the stars were revealed to plague Leopold III. Defeat, surrender, imprisonment and kidnapping followed one another in relentless succession.

After he laid down arms for his country he retired to his castle with his memories and his children, except for the brief period they were in Portugal. Then, on Sept. 11, 1941, he married, at 39, Mary Lelia Baels, a commoner to whom he gave the title Princess de Rethy.

More recently, reports have come from the frontier of German-occupied Italy that Leopold's sister, Marie Jose, wife of Crown Prince Humberto of Italy, soon will sue for divorce. She has long been known as a foe of fascism, and she has always been well liked by the Italian people. Her son, now seven years old, is heir presumptive to the Italian throne.

First La Panne and now the stars—do they really dominate the destiny of Belgium's royal family? Time alone will show whether the Belgian dynasty of kings is ended, as told by Leopold's horoscope.

Leopold II, his son, was a dissolute ruler who became fabulously wealthy by personal investments in the Belgian Congo, which he established after discovery of its vast natural resources. He ruled the natives of his distant possession with a hard heart and a

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A Horseshoe Game in West Virginia Dramatically Turned Up a Huge Diamond and Again Has Fanned the Interest of Science in Where This Continent's Unquestioned Natural Hoard Is Really Located



South Africa's Famous Jonkers Diamond, Worth Millions, Weighed 726 Carats Before It Was Cut.

By HAROLD O. WHITNALL, Sc.D., Professor of Geology, Colgate University

DISCOVERY of America's 34-carat "Horseshoe" diamond points anew to the still missing "mother lode" of gems that almost certainly exists upon the North American Continent somewhere in the vicinity of Hudson Bay. South Africa has its Kimberley diamond deposits, India has its gleaming treasures in jewels that have adorned the turban of many a rajah, and Brazil, too, has its diamond fields. But North America? Only isolated diamonds have ever been discovered here.

Yet many another diamond field has been discovered not half so dramatically as the lucky "ringer" which William (Punch) Jones pitched a few years ago in the horseshoe game with his dad at Peterstown, W. Va., just over the Virginia line.

As his father watched, young "Punch" Jones heaved his horseshoe. The winging metal spun, hovered in the air, and then coiled neatly around the stake. Probably a million other enthusiasts of "barnyard golf" have tossed hundreds of millions of other ringers, too. But Punch Jones just then made the world's prize pitch.

He got his five points for the ringer, all right, and when the dust had cleared away, he picked up a hard white stone that had a greenish overcast.

In his small-boyish glee, Punch exclaimed, "See, I've found a diamond!"

And so he had, the second largest diamond ever found in America and the largest ever discovered east of the Mississippi River.

Only the world never knew of it for 12 long years, for Punch and his father kept the treasure secret. They were never quite sure the stone was a diamond and they were too fearful of ridicule, if it turned out to be just a gaudy bit of glass, to say anything about it.

Finally, however, Punch and his Pa screwed up their courage and showed the long-treasured find to R. J. Holden, professor of geology at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Professor Holden examined the gem, made hardness tests on it, and, at the recent Richmond meetings of the Virginia Academy of Science, announced the stone as a true diamond.

The new discovery, Professor Holden states, is larger than the famous Dewey diamond of 23.75 carats which was found in 1885 near Richmond and which, for many years, was the biggest U. S. diamond discovered up to that time.

Professor Holden believes that the Dewey diamond rolled, tumbled and washed its way down the James River from somewhere in the Virginia Piedmont region near the eastern fringe of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

As far as the new Horseshoe diamond is concerned it takes no stretch of the imagination to conceive its source in the same mountain region. The only difference is that the Dewey diamond

The Next Pitch Was a World's Prize—a Ringer That Scored Five Points for Horseshoe-Player Punch Jones and Uncovered, to His Amazement, a 34-Carat Diamond.

moved east and the Horseshoe diamond westward.

Now loaned to the National Museum in Washington the "Horseshoe" diamond—as it may well become known—weighs 34.46 carats. White, with a greenish tinge, it has only one small black spot upon it.

Professor Holden gives the right analysis of the stone's worth when he says:

"If the diamond is a gem stone it has great value. If it is not, then as a museum stone it is worth probably \$75 a carat, or a total of something like \$2,500."

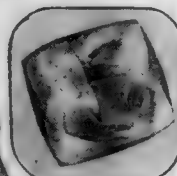
And that's not bad either way for a lucky strike with a horseshoe.

The discovery of the Horseshoe diamond recalls to all geologists that somewhere in the northern portion of the North American Continent there are undiscovered nests of diamonds—perhaps even a real mother lode of fabulous wealth—that could become important producers like those in South Africa's Kimberley region.

This newest West Virginia discovery is only the latest among many American diamonds which have already been found in widely scattered sections of the country.

Most prolific source of American diamonds which have wandered from their original homes to the northward is the glacial drift deposits just south of the Great Lakes.

Where



The "Horseshoe" Diamond, White With a Greenish Overcast, Has Great Value If a Gem Stone, or Is Worth \$2500 as a Museum Piece.

Sources of precious gems have been found by pure accident. In the sands and gravels laid down when the last Great Ice Sheet melted and dropped its frozen load of dirt, rock and debris upon the land. At least ten diamonds weighing from four to 21 carats have been found in such deposits.

Among them are the "Eagle" stone, weight 16 carats; the "Oregon" stone weighing four carats; the Kohlsville diamond, biggest yet discovered, and the Saukville diamond, a stone of "first water" and weighing six carats—all discovered in Wisconsin.

From the Michigan deposits have come the Dowagiac stone of 11 carats and at Milford, Ohio, was found a six-carat gem.

All these diamonds were dropped by the glacier which once swept down from the North. The path of the Ice Age glacier, moving relentlessly southward some 25,000 years ago, is truly known.

Like the early scouts who blazed their trail on the trunks of primeval trees through America's forests, so has the glacier left telltale marks of whence it came and whither it went.

When the great continental ice sheet gathered its mantle of ice in northern Canada it moved south over the ancient soil, plucking and ripping all loose material in its path and incorporating it in its icy bosom.

Soon the ice became a storehouse for a vast tonnage of material which it transported in its relentless southward march from its northern homeland. The loose rocks and sand, frozen in the base of the great glacier, served as teeth that recorded on the underlying rocks the directions of its movement.

Such giant scratches can be found beneath the soils that exist today wherever the Ice Age glacier moved.

The glacial material picked up by the ice was carried great distances. And this, as the stone



Scientists Believe America's Diamonds Were Scooped From the Mother Lode by the Irresistible March of the Great Glacier 25,000 Years Ago When Creatures Now Extinct Roamed the Land.

Is Our Fabulous Mother Lode?

changed and became warmer, the edges of the ice sheet melted. Vast flood waters poured from the melting front bearing in their flow tremendous quantities of clay, sand, gravel and larger stones that had been gathered up in the majestic journey.

Such streams were so heavily laden that they dropped much of their load near the final southward margin of the ice sheet.

The terminus of the glacier thus became like a great station where mineral passengers were discharged that had been picked up and carried from a more remote place.

These travelers came from various regions and represented the types of rocks over which the glacier had passed. Our own proud Plymouth Rock, on which the first Pilgrims stepped, is itself a glacial pilgrim wrenched from some rocky ledge far northward of its present location.

It is not easy to determine exactly the points from which these glacial emigrants first started, but by studying the glacial scratches on the underlying rock formations geologists obtain a series of direction lines which converge to a narrow region in Canada as shown on maps on this page.

This homeland of the great glacier in North America appears to be a region somewhere between the northeastern end of Wisconsin and the southern tip of Hudson Bay.

Should the homeland of America's stray glacier-borne diamonds be found, it will probably be discovered in the crater of some long extinct volcano, in material called peridotite, just as in the case of South Africa and in Arkansas. Peridotite is the

famed "blue clay" in which diamonds are discovered in their native haunts. It once was the pipe of a volcano's crater.

When the vast tonnage of rocks and debris dropped by the glacier is considered, the finding of just one diamond in glacial drift would be amazing. But when scores of them are found along the margins of the old ice sheet it is proof that somewhere to the north are vast diamond fields that may well rival South Africa in richness and abundance.

Certainly the few diamonds found must be but a handful of the thousands that were stolen by the glacier and carried southward.

Moreover, because natural diamonds resemble crystal quartz in their unpolished state it is almost a certainty that many diamonds have been unrecognized. A few years ago a few small diamonds were found in a gravel pit near the Ohio-Pennsylvania border.

No one knows how many other diamonds have been mixed into the concrete roads of the nation along with the sands and the gravel dropped by the great glacier.

Anyone who lives in a region near the southern marginal edge of the last great Ice Age should be on the lookout for diamonds. In many sections of the nation this "high water mark" of southward glacial progress is easy to identify.

For example, the northern half of New York's Manhattan Island is rocky and hilly, composed of glacial drift, while the lower half of Manhattan is level and without the glacier's castings.

In the same way the north shore of Long Island is hilly, due to that early glacial drift, while the south shore, along the ocean, still re-

tains its original sandy composition.

Coming back to the West Virginia find of lucky Punch Jones and his horseshoe pitch, it is apparent that since the region is so far south of the great glacial deposits some other source must be considered.

Besides the Horseshoe diamond, just announced, the Appalachian region has yielded other diamonds. When found, they are enclosed in a hard cemented rock that once was a very ancient sandstone, perhaps a stream deposit.

Such American diamond-bearing rocks have undergone severe pressure and twisting, so intense that it is extremely difficult even to guess from what ancient rocks they were derived.

For such finds as that of Punch Jones there are no clear backyard trails as in the case of Michigan and Wisconsin diamonds where a mother lode in Canada is indicated.

But the very fact that diamonds have been found in Georgia, North Carolina, and now West Virginia, points to the inescapable conclusion that somewhere in the South there were once volcanic intrusions that carried upward the diamonds, born in the fiery heat of the earth.

Since the diamond, the topaz, the common quartz crystal and a few other minerals often closely resemble one another in their rough, uncut, unpolished state, I suggest a simple test which anyone can easily make.

The hardness of the diamond makes it easy to identify. It is the hardest substance in the world. This hardness is determined by its power to scratch other minerals without harm to itself. The diamond, the ruby and the sapphire are the only gem stones which can be drawn across an emery stone and remain unmarked.

Equipped with this simple knowledge, people who want to explore diamonds in gravel or sand beds—especially if they live in the territory marked on my map below—would do well to carry an emery stone with them.

If you find a dull white stone that is not scratched by the emery, you may have something like Punch Jones.

Many a sand pit has yielded a stone that is far luckier than a four-leaf clover. If you take a horseshoe along, maybe that will bring good luck, too.



Neamith Associates

The Cullinan (Left), World's Biggest Diamond Weighing 516 Carats, in the Royal Sceptre of King George VI of England, Came From the Strange Blue Clay in the Chimney Pipe of an Extinct Volcano That Is Now the Famed Kimberley Mine (Above) of South Africa. Colgate's Professor Harold Whitnall Forecasts That Some Day an Equally Rich Mother Lode of Diamond Treasure May Be Discovered Near the Region of Hudson Bay as Marked on His Map (Right).



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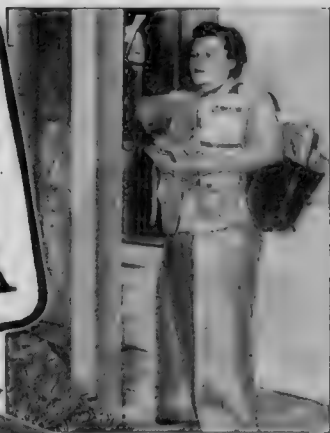
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It Wasn't the Heat But the Femininity Mere Males Objected To When These Young Women Decided to Fill the Fire-Fighting Needs of Needham, Mass. But Now the Cry Is, "Fire-lady, Save My Child!"

WOMEN AT WORK



Emma Elkens of South Pasadena, California's First Post-lady, and No Cracks About Delaying Deliveries So She Can Read the Postcards.



Margaret H. Hetherington Canally Improves the Beauty of Boston



Just Hefting That Giant Economy-Size Crowbar Without the Wheels and Axle Would Take Too Many Calories for Most Gals, But These Husky Chicago Housewives Find Working on the Railroad Easy.



Altagracia Baskin, Ex-Beautician of Sausalito, Calif., Now Pares Horses' Pinkies as the Village Blacksmithess.



Lumberjanes Norma and Barbara Webber and Mildred Sobell Are Part of an All-Girl Crew That Runs a Sawmill on Turkey Pond, N. H.

IT'S customary to say that women take these ordinarily masculine jobs because of the wartime manpower shortage, and undoubtedly that's true in most cases. But in others they go in for man's work because they like it and many, perhaps too many, intend to stick with their jobs after the war.

At any rate, besides those pictured here, and the thousands of girl welders and riveters, women are working as paperhangers, milk and ice deliverers, butchers, lifeguards, boiler-makers, plumbers, carpenters, motormen, conductors, baggage smelters, and in a dozen other kinds of men's jobs.

Back seat experience makes some of them good at cab and truck driving, and some make just dandy sideshow barkers and train callers. It's hard to imagine a woman breeding spiders, though. But Miss Mary Pfeiffer, of Hoboken, does, and in Yucaipa, Calif., Mrs. Nan Senger runs a spider ranch for the production of the gossamer threads used in bombsights.



Chicagoans Call Garbage Collectorettes Leonore Stonel and Winifred Rupp (Above) C-Girls; and Left—Mrs. Vernell Borchin, Who Claims to Be New York's First Lady Bootblack, Shining 'Em Up in Her Husband's Waterfront Barber Shop.



Cattle Annie and Little Britches, Sidesaddle Members of Oklahoma Outlaw Gangs, Were Just a Couple of Kids When the Law Put Them Away—for a Good Long Term.



Isaac C. Parker, the "Hanging Judge" of Fort Smith, Ark., Who Sent 88 Boomer Ruffians to the Gallows.

By COL. IL EDWIN MOOTZ
Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor, Indian Scout
and Deputy U. S. Marshal
CHAPTER VI

WITH the killing of Bill Doolin, outlaw leader of the Wild Bunch, his gang of train robbers and bank wreckers began to break up. And at last the marshals who had hunted them down had a chance to corral some of the gunmolls, as you call them now, that rode with desperadoes.

The chief of them all was The Rose of The Cimarron, known as the Queen of the Wild Bunch. The day finally came when the marshals put a hobble on Rose. And then just as the prison doors were about to shut on her, a man made a play that changed her life. And it wasn't a gun play either.

Rose had been riding with the outlaws for a good many years. A strange combination she was, loyal, brave and smart enough to outwit most folks.

It was Col. Ed Nix who decided to round up Rose and Cattle Annie and Little Britches.

"Rose has got too much to answer for to let her go scot-free," Nix said to his old standby, Bill Tilghman. "I've drawn up a warrant chargin' her with aidin' an' abettin' outlaws. It's up to you, Bill, to run her in."

Tilghman didn't like the job. Besides, there was a soft spot in his heart for Rose.

"I've known that girl since she was about eight," he told Nix. "She's never had a chance to be anything but an outlaw. A couple times I'm pretty sure she saved my life. I'll bring her in, but I'd like to see her get a chance."

Rose spent part of her time as a dancehall girl in the Silver Dollar gambling hall and saloon in Guthrie, and there Bill learned she had gone to her uncle's cabin on The Cimarron.

A couple of days later the marshal swung out of the saddle and knocked on the cabin door.

"Why, hello, Bill," Rose smiled. "Come in. Who you after now?"

"I'm after you."

"Well, I was sorta expectin' it. Reckon I've about played my hand out."

"I'm not very happy about havin' to do this," Bill said, "but th' warrant's out. I got to serve it."

"Maybe—it would 'ave been better," she stammered, "if one o' them bullets for th' boys had been mine. They're gone now an'—I'm goin' to prison! I'd rather be dead than that!"

"I can't make any promises, Rose, but if I can say anything to help you I'll do it."

When they took Rose into court she pleaded

HOMESTEADS HELL AND HISTORY

Bill had advised her to do. Her case was heard by Judge Bierer who, you remember, tried the Indian chief, Red Fox, the father of Wild Rose.

Tilghman kept his word to Rose. He made a mighty strong talk, asking mercy for her.

"Marshal Tilghman has made an eloquent plea for you," said the judge, "I admire his courage and respect his judgment. I will be as lenient with you as the law will permit. I sentence you to—"

"Your Honor—" a voice broke in.

All eyes turned to a lean, good-looking chap who stood up to address the court.

"There's somethin' I'd like to say before you set that sentence."

"However, what is it?"

"I'm a Boomer. I've got a good homestead not far from here. I'm here this mornin' because I love Th' Rose of Th' Cimarron and if she'll marry me an' you'll parole her I'll see she gets a good home for th' rest of her life."

"Now—why—" responded the astonished judge, "it's hardly my place to say it, but this is sudden, isn't it? How long have you known her?"

"I went to school with her in Caldwell an' met her later while she was in th' Silver Dollar."

A smile wrinkled Judge Bierer's face.

"Well, this is a courtroom," he said, "but it's never been used for this kind of courtin' before. What's the defendant think about this proposal?"

"Your Honor, I'd be th' happiest woman in th'

world," Rose said. "I've known Ned a long time, but I never dreamed he'd offer to do this for me. It's th' first chance she's ever had," Tilghman whispered to the judge.

"Young man," Judge Bierer said to the Boomer, "step across the hall and get your license. When you come back I'll perform the ceremony and parole the Rose of The Cimarron to you for life."

A few minutes later the knot was tied and Rose walked out free, with the man who had saved her.

With a new home, Rose became a respected wife and a happy mother. She had a new name, which was not divulged.

CATTLE ANNIE and Little Britches, the two other outlaw gals who ran with the Wild Bunch, were just a couple of kids, but tougher than a patch of cactus. Both were crack shots and had been a lot of help to the outlaws.

Tilghman and Steve Burke rounded them up in a ranch-house, but they were full of fight, jumped on their horses and defied the marshals. As Tilghman galloped after them, they cut loose with rifles.

I reckon the old man-hunter figured it wouldn't do to let a couple of gal outlaws outsmart him, or shoot him either, so he fired two quick shots.

Both the girls' horses tumbled to the ground. When Tilghman and Burke rode up, Little Britches was standing with her hands in the air and Cattle Annie was pinned under a dead pinto.

They faced the same judge who paroled The Rose of The Cimarron, but nobody offered them that good a deal. Judge Bierer sentenced them to a Federal reformatory.

Little Britches died soon after she got out of

When There Were No Courts Handy, Frontier Law Was Enforced by Vigilantes Who Hung Horse Thieves and Cattle Rustlers First and Listened to Reason Afterwards.



and a second later the signal was given. Just as Childers' body dropped through the trap a blinding flash of lightning shot down from the cloud. There was a deafening clap of thunder. The mob fell back. I reckon they were more horror-stricken by the flash than by the terrible scene of the man dangling lifeless at the end of a rope.

By the time they pulled themselves together and looked up the sky was clear again. The mysterious cloud had completely vanished.

Well, sir, that 12-man gallows got to be a pretty spooky place as its toll of lives kept growing. Folks used to say they saw the ghosts of the hanged men flitting through the gaunt framework. One night an unearthly wail had even the marshals quaking.

That was after Lew... Holder had been hanged. He was convicted in Judge Parker's court of shooting his partner in the back.

Holder broke down when Judge Parker sentenced him to the gallows. He let out a wild scream and fell to the floor in front of the bench. He finally came to. He gibbered and wailed from that time until nearly the hour of his hanging.

Then he took a new tack. "I'll be back," he screamed at his jailers. "I'll be back and ha'n't yuh th' rest o' yur lives!"

At midnight several nights later Deputy Marshal George

Lawson and a couple of guards heard a mournful wail from the direction of the gallows.

"It's Lew Holder's ghost!" one of the guards whispered. "He said he'd be back."

"Well, I'm goin' to find out," Lawson said.

With the guards slipping along behind, Lawson crept across the courtyard toward the scaffold. The wails grew louder, but not until he mounted the platform could Lawson locate the cries.

There, kneeling before the open trap, was an old Indian, arms upraised, intoning a tribal chant. Some of his friends, bad redskins who had been hanged for their crimes, had dropped through that trap. He had come to do what he could for their souls.

Lawson convinced the old fellow he had done enough praying for one night and they didn't have any more trouble with Holder's ghost.

The man who operated the wholesale hanging machine was George Maledon. He was a white-whiskered little fellow, meek and quiet, but before he gave up the job of hangman he had jerked the lever that dropped 60 men to death.

Besides killing more than a half-hundred with his rope he had shot five others who tried to escape the gallows. Two of them died.

He took a lot of pride in his hangings. He didn't have any conscience trouble, either. A woman cornered him one day, and asked if the ghosts of the men he had hanged didn't haunt him.

"Nope," Maledon answered, "I never had one dissatisfied customer. None of 'em ever came back to have th' work done over."

Judge Parker stayed on the bench until July, 1896, and died soon after.

Shortly after his death the folks in Fort Smith burned the gallows where so many men had died. The day of the outlaw gangs in that country was coming to a finish, too.

The guns of the frontier marshals and Judge Parker's noose had put most of the bad men in Boot Hill.

I reckon that was as it should be, but a lot of excitement and romance went out of living when those days passed into history.

THE END

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"As the U. S. Marshal Reined Up and Fired Two Quick Shots, Both the Girls' Horses Tumbled to the Ground. When Tilghman and Burke Rode Up, Little Britches Was Standing With Her Hands in the Air and Cattle Annie Was Pinned Under a Dead Pinto."

by the time Cattle Annie returned to the Territory it had settled down, so she drifted on.

The champion of all the man-hunters, Bill Tilghman, lived to see the day when law and order came to the country.

"I don't want to go to bed and die like an old woman," he once said. "I've lived my life with a six-shooter in my hand. I want to go that way."

He got his wish. Years later when oil was discovered in Oklahoma the black gold boom era brought out a lot of new lawlessness.

Tilghman strapped on his gun belt again. He was turning 70 by that time. One day he was called to settle a row in a dance hall at Cromwell. A drunk was on a rampage with a six-shooter.

"Give me that gun!" said Bill quietly. The drunk passed it over. With one hand on his prisoner, the old marshal started walking him toward the jail. The drunk slipped his free hand into a coat pocket where he had another gun, pulled the trigger and the old marshal fell dead. He died the way he always wanted to die.

There was another figure of those early days that I want to tell you about. That was Judge Isaac C. Parker. We called him the hanging judge because he sent more men to death than any other judge in western history.

Before his rule ended 88 men had walked from his court to the gallows.

He was the judge of the Federal Court at Fort Smith, Ark. The Indian Territory, full of outlaws, horse thieves, cattle rustlers, and bad Indians, stretched west from there for 500 miles. That was Judge Parker's domain, a land where 65 marshals were killed while he was on the bench.

PARKER was a strange character. The first time he sentenced a man to die, he wept. But that didn't happen again.

Just to be sure he wasn't ever caught short of accommodations he had a gallows built big enough to string up 12 men at once. He didn't ever put 12 men to death at one time, but there were two different occasions when six dropped together.

A half-breed Cherokee, named John Childers, was sentenced to hang for the murder of a peddler.

The day set for the hanging dawned cloudless. Just as the doomed man started for the gallows a black cloud appeared and spread.

A few sprinkles fell as Childers walked up the steps. By that time everybody was too interested in seeing a man hanged to pay any attention to a little cloud overhead.

The black hood was slipped over Childers' head

Jackpots, Unlimited

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

If a slot machine offered you only one chance to win out of a billion tries you would say it had no jackpot. Yet nature hits jackpots of freak happenings against such astronomical odds that the golfer's hole-in-one, and the billion-in-one slot machine are mere bets by comparison.

For instance, automatic cameras photograph minutely the outcome of modern horse races, their lenses "seeing" no more than three inches of the track at the finish line. Rarely does such a photograph show two horses side by side, up with not a fraction of an inch to show which horse had won.

But at the Aqueduct track in New York recently the photograph of the finish of one race showed the noses of Brownie, Bossuet and Walt a Bit touching the winning line at exactly the same instant.

The chances of getting a hand in bridge consisting of 13 cards of one suit are 1 to 358,753,339,000. Yet in the past few years six such hands were reported in different games.

On D-Day a certain American plane poured out its paratroopers over Nazi-held France. All but one of the men at once shot downward. The exception, free of the plane, found to his amazement that he was rising instead of falling.

It seemed that in the welter of air currents in that particular stretch of sky his parachute cracked open at precisely the spot and the moment when a powerful current of air surged upward.

Amazing was the luck of Sgt. James A. Raley, of Henderson, Ky., who dropped 19,500 feet in a dismembered tail of a B-17—and suffered only a tiny cut on his chin.

More than matching these freaks of our flying age was the happening to Lt. John F. Ryan of the Second Bombardment Group of the United States Army.

He was co-piloting a big bomber on a practice flight over northern Indiana. He had started out in his light summer clothes but his group of planes went so high that he began to feel cold.

He told the co-pilot he was going to get a sweater and undid his safety belt and his parachute. Then he stepped down into the bomb bay where he stood up to put on his sweater. The bomb bay was open at the top for a machine gun mount and Ryan saw only sky above him.

Suddenly the plane struck a "hole" in the air and dropped so fast that Ryan had the dizzy feeling of having the floor and bomb bay fall away



Struck by Lightning, a French Farmer Found Himself Alive—But Almost Naked.

The next moment his co-pilot had him by the foot. Ryan had fallen back into his own plane. Dizzy with it all, he did not realize at first that his foot hurt. When he recovered his wits he found that he had floated so close to the propeller that the blade had cut him in four places.

Popular belief says lightning never strikes twice in the same place. It does. But it is not likely to strike a man as it did a farmer in Normandy some years ago. He was caught in his field by a terrific storm. Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck him down and neighbors came running to pick up what they expected would be a charred body.

They found the farmer unhurt. But his clothes, from cap to shoes, were neatly slit, so that when he stood up his garments fell off him.

Collisions are often enough freak-

ish. But it is extremely doubtful if any of them can match what happened at a crossroad in Edgewater, near London. At the precise same moment one day two trolley cars, an automobile and a horsedrawn hay wagon smashed into one another. The trolley cars and the automobile turned turtle. The hay wagon remained upright and unhurt.

There he was, apparently, only floating above the nose of the bomber.

There are streaks of fortune and misfortune in which no one item is a remarkable happening, but the series as a whole is fantastic to the nth degree. One such streak of misfortune hit William G. Mitchell, a private in the United States Army in the First World War.

He and his three brothers were together one day in action on the Argonne front. One by one he saw his three brothers die. Then he was bayoneted in each arm and bullets hit him in one arm, pierced a leg and tore off his right knee-cap. Poison gas got him at the moment that a shell-burst tore off his mask.

In the hospital he got word that his mother had gone mad over the loss of her sons. When he recovered he got a job driv-

ing a truck, which promptly turned over and broke his leg in eight places. An ambulance rushed him toward a hospital, but a railroad train hit it, killed three of the patients in it, but left Mitchell alive to endure many other mishaps and ills.

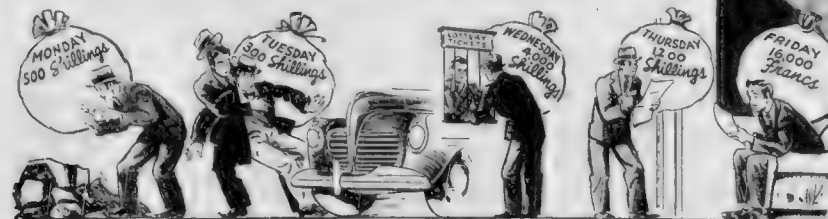
Far different was the freak that fortune played on Ludwig Selbel, a Viennese clerk.

One day he found a diamond brooch and got 500 shillings reward from its owner. The following day he rescued an old man from being run over and received another reward of 300 shillings. On the third day he won 4,000 shillings in a state lottery.

To test his luck he bought another lottery ticket and won 1,200 shillings. At the same time he learned that an uncle he had not seen for 21 years died in France and left him the tidy sum of 16,000 francs.



Three Horses Upset Many Racing Records in This Triple Dead Heat "Photo-Finish" at the Aqueduct Race Track.



A Viennese Clerk Hit the Financial Jackpot Five Days in a Row; and Above—Lucky Sgt. James A. Raley Fell Nearly Four Miles—and Lived.



Motorola Radio "Handie Talkie" co-ordinating our march to Victory

The story of every great Victory of our armed forces has been a story of teamwork . . . split-second timing and miraculously unified attack. Radio ties all combat arms together . . . makes of them a united, irresistible team.

In close cooperation with the U. S. Army Signal Corps, Motorola Radio Engineers have developed, built and delivered in great quantity such battle-famous radios as the Walkie-Talkie, the Handie-Talkie, the Cavalry Guidon Set, and the powerful two-way unit that moves on wheels.

Much of this equipment has been of the F-M (Frequency Modulation) type. This is the staticless, noiseless kind

of radio that you will enjoy when Victory restores peace and normal living to our America.

There will be fine music once again in the Post War Motorola Radios for your Home and Car. F-M, Television, other Electronic developments? You bet! Motorola will have them all! Meanwhile, buy more war bonds!

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Because it is **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** that can help you to a more romantic skin. A skin that's truly romantic looks youthful, fresh, translucent, feels soft and is colored, of course, like peaches and cream. Now **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** can help you on these points of loveliness. It peels invisibly the drab, discolored, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, a skin that's softer, whiter, fresher, younger to look at, more silky to touch. Your skin will seem more translucent, giving it what artists call "depth." Your coloring livelier. So if you are not happy about your skin, start with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today. Just follow directions. At all cosmetic counters.

Give your face a treat with **TARE-ROOT BEAUTY MASQUE**. It's a real facial you can enjoy at home.

Let the Household Almanac in *The American Weekly* help you plan tempting meals.

Buried Treasure

BURIED somewhere near Little Big Horn on the western slope of the Black Hills of Montana there is a necklace of battered, old-fashioned watches. If found, its actual value would be negligible, except

for the gold in the cases. But to collectors and persons interested in our American history it would prove a priceless item.

The story of the strange necklace, heretofore known only to a few aged Indians, has just been revealed by



An Old Squaw Stringing the "Jewels" Into a Necklace.

Flying Cloud, a leader of the Sioux Indians who recently arrived in Hollywood to act as technical adviser on a motion picture.

The amazing decoration, explains Flying Cloud, was made by stringing together the timepieces collected after the terrible Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876. The watches were taken from the bodies of the members of the ill-fated 7th Cavalry, and are said to have included one worn by General Custer.

Flying Cloud says he knows the story is true because Sitting Bull first told it. The loot was gathered and made into a necklace

by the chief's wife the day following the bloody affair. However, neither she nor the chief dared to wear the horrible trophy for, in passing it around for inspection, one of the Indians discovered how to open the back

of one of the stolen cases. As he pried it loose, a bloodcurdling shriek broke from his lips and he frantically cast the necklace from him. The innocent cause of his horror was the small photograph of a young woman, in the back of the watch. It was the first photograph that any of those Indians had ever seen, and to them it was a spirit and, according to their belief, capable of endless vengeance. The only way to "lay the ghost" and destroy its evil powers was to bury the strange memento as fast as possible.

Presumably the job of digging a grave for the bauble was carried out with some ceremony—in an attempt to induce the Red Man's gods to keep the "spirit" from making any trouble.

This was immediately done, and from that day to this no Indian has ever tried to find the hidden symbol of victory in battle.



There's always One!



...and in
lamps it's
G-E!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM



"**MY HAIR** is thick, so my shampoo must lather freely. Penetrate to the scalp. Cleanse away oiliness without too much effort on my part. **Mulsified** does what I ask, then rinses out completely with just plain water."

"**TOM'S STUBBORN HAIR** calls for dressing, so his shampoo has a harder job. **Mulsified** suits him to a T! It never tries his patience—foams fast, takes away dirt and dressing, removes loose dandruff at the same time."



AT LAST WE'RE A

ONE-SHAMPOO FAMILY!

"**BETTY'S HAIR**—like all youngsters—needs shampooing often. So the mild, thorough cleanser it contains makes **Mulsified Shampoo** ideal. Used once a week it keeps her hair clean, gleaming, feeling soft as silk."



"We've harmonized on **Mulsified**...it's right for all. Bland enough for Betty. Rinses quickly from my own hair without soapy after-film. And foams faster than Tom's temper, so *he* likes it too!"

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
Shampoo

Try **Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo**—for years the favorite of millions of families. The large family size, biggest of three, lasts for months and saves you money. Get **Mulsified Shampoo** at your nearest toilet goods counter.

No wonder
you caught
cold that day

(You'd lost your
shirt at the races)



Then someone
gave you a
tip about
KOOLS

(And you tried a pack)

If they turned
out to be
a winner then

(When your throat
was raw)



It's a
Sure Thing
you'll like 'em
all the time!

Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
—for good!



Hollywood's Man-Made Oceans

THE movie-makers of Hollywood are at their theatrical best when they go in for sea scenes—because they seldom go anywhere near the ocean to shoot them.

It is part of their mastery of the art of make-believe to provide the customers in the country's cinema palaces with the saltiest of stuff—without ever leaving the studio.

Perhaps the best and the biggest of the man-made oceans is the one on Stage 21 at the Warner Brothers studio. This body of water has floated many a good-sized ship on its surface, because it contains 4,000,000 gallons.

FISHING villages, naval bases and tropical jungles have been set up around its edges. Mechanical paddles have covered its surface with realistic waves. Wind machines have whipped these waves into whitecaps. Movie-goers have thrilled to many a scene shot on this roofed-over ocean and never suspected that the actors weren't doing their stuff on the real thing.

But Stage 21 isn't an ocean all the time. Sometimes it's a lake—as it was for the picture "Cinderella Jones"—with phony moun-



Hollywood's Biggest Artificial Ocean Cost \$400,000 and Will Float a Good-Sized Ship.

tains and fabricated evergreen trees for a background.

And sometimes it's neither ocean or lake. The water is let out through two huge iron doors and the prop men transform the huge area into a castle, a broadcasting station or a swanky night club.

It's easier, during wartime when the railroads have more important things to transport, to move the ocean to Hollywood than it is to get a whole production company to the seaside. The directors can manufacture their own weather, too. They have ways of fashioning sunshine, fog, rain and wind.

The Martinique fishing village where Humphrey Bogart gets tough in "To

Have or Have Not" is on the water, all right—but rises from the rim of one of those miniature, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't oceans. The Portuguese seaside hamlet in "The Conspirators" might have been set up on a Southern California beach. But it wasn't.

When Hedy Lamarr graces the salty little village she's right at home, on the set where she's worked on other pictures.

Directors are always a little uneasy when they have to make "water shots" on their artificial oceans. Actors and actresses are in and out of the water—and if they catch cold, production is likely to be held up.

THE cameramen have a problem, too, because of the reflection of the powerful electric lights on the water. Too many wrong glints from these lights would make the scenes look decidedly unnatural to the more observant of the nation's movie fans.

The sound men worry about land-locked ocean scenes, too, because the words of the players have to be clearly recorded in spite of the sound of splashing waves and creaking spars.

—the girl he can't
forget



—the girl with a
Solitair-lovely complexion

"Goodbye, my dearest," need not be the end of romance. Because memory-pictures of you, unforgotten lovely with a Solitair complexion, go with him in his heart, *always*. Let him remember:

SAND SUNNING—your complexion as golden-hued as the sun itself. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up looks NATURAL in the sun. Its LANOLIN-richness guards your skin against dryness.



TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—your complexion as sweet as the song. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.



IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES - AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS

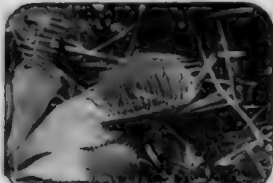
60¢ and 25¢

MAKE-UP WITH Lanolin

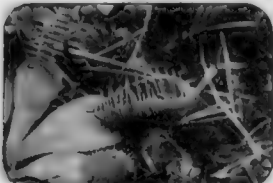
A Campana Product



Unsuspecting, the Fly Alights on the Venus Fly Trap.



The Insect Enters the Spiny Trap and Touches Trigger Hairs.



Closing on Its Prey, the Plant Will Digest It for Two Weeks.



Strangely & Beautifully Colorful, the Venus Fly Trap Waits Silently for Its Insects, Ready to Spring Its Claw-Like Jaws. A Special Plant Enzyme "Eats," or Digests, the Prey Just as the Human Stomach Digests Meat.

Hungry Plant Yielding Its Secrets to Science

**At Last We Know
What Makes the Mys-
terious Venus Fly Trap
Capture and Devour
Its Prey Like a Car-
nivorous Animal**

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor

FOR many years the Venus fly trap plant has guarded from science the secret of its ability to snap up unsuspecting insects with its dagger-toothed leaves and to digest them much as a human being digests his meat diet.

But, at last, despite the Venus plant's apparent determination to keep its carnivorous habits a mystery, naturalists figuratively have found the blueprints that reveal its mechanism.

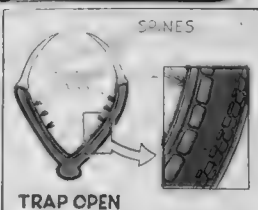
The Venus fly trap is often called the "most wonderful plant in the world," for, while it is a plant, it not only catches its meaty food, but can digest protein, an act usually reserved for the animal body.

A few other types of vegetation also can eat insects—the trumpet and pitcher plants—but they do it by catching their prey with the lure of a sticky fluid deep down within their long funnel-like throats.

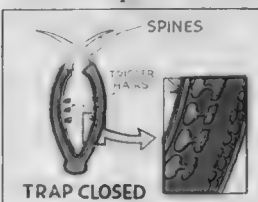
Any insect caught in the deep-seated liquid well eventually drowns. Then enzymes in the fluid start digestion. The only way the prey can get out is to have a rain come and overflow the well.

But the Venus fly trap is something else, a veritable monster with snapping jaws that devours its visitors.

Once its insect victim alights on its brilliantly crimson leaf the trigger hairs of the Venus fly trap spring the claw-like spines into a sealed-up



Equal Fluid Pressures in Its Leaf Cells Keeps the Venus Fly Trap Open.



When the Trigger Hairs Are Touched Cell Fluid Is Extruded, Closing the Trap.

death cell from which the prey cannot possibly escape.

When closed, the Venus fly trap extrudes a pepsin-like enzyme that digests the protein of the insect's body in the same way that the gastric juices of the human stomach digest meat within it.

Dr. B. W. Wells, professor of botany at North Carolina State College, Raleigh, says the fly trap grows only on special kinds of soil found in swamps, which are called pocosins and savannahs.

Dr. Wells explains the curling, grasping motion of the leaves on the fly trap works by osmotic pressure. When normally open, the fluid pressure inside the cells of the plant's leaves is everywhere equal.

But when the insect lands upon the trigger hairs the osmotic pressure in side the leaf cells is changed. Fluid flows out from the cells on the upper, vermilion side of the leaf into the spaces between the cells.

At the same time, however, the fluid remains in the cells on the upper side of the leaf so there the osmotic pressure remains high.

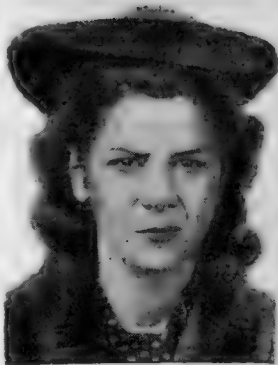
This difference in pressure allows the springy, woody vein section at the back of the leaf to snap the trap shut



Hooded Trumpet Plant, Meat-Eating Rival of the Venus Fly Trap, Catches Insects in Its Deep Water-Filled Well, Where It Slowly Devours Them.



The Pitcher Plant, Too, "Eats" Insects, But It Has No Grasping Talons.



Partners in Love and Big-Time Burglary

They Added an Adventure in Streamlined Stealing to Their Marriage, Applied Book-keeping to Burgling and Made a Million Dollars in Six Years—But Now They're in the Clink



Allen Harris Did Away With Middleman Profit by Running a Direct "From Burglar to Buyer" Business.

If No One Answered Her Knock, Ruth Harris and Her Hubby Walked In With a Passkey and Out With a Diamond or Mink.

A REMARKABLE partnership in matrimony and burglary came to an end the other day in New York when Allen and Ruth Harris were sentenced to prison terms for larceny de luxe that, authorities say, netted them a cool million dollars profit in six years.

That's the real coin in crime circles where, oddly enough, a weekly take of \$50 is considered big money.

Patience, an appearance of happy domesticity and business efficiency were back of this outstandingly successful looters' team.

Just as most newlyweds start figuring how to balance the budget as soon as the honeymoon is over, the conjugal coalition of Harris and Harris went to work on what they thought was a fool-proof system of streamlining the art of stealing.

Since they hoped to perform most of their light-fingered tricks in residential hotels with a wealthy clientele, Allen and his Ruthie started living in such establishments, learning the general set-up and, incidentally, collecting a passkey at each.

If friends wondered why this recently married couple kept checking out of one "home" and into another in such rapid succession they probably laid it to just plain eccentricity.

What no one noticed was that months after the pair had moved on and been forgotten by hotel clerks and bellboys, they'd go back to one of their former residences for an evening, sit in the lobby for a while and watch for possible victims.

When a likely person was spotted, wearing expensive clothes or jewelry, one of the Harrises followed the prospect into the elevator, got off at the same floor and unobtrusively made a note of the room number.

Next night between 8 and 10 Ruth would go up alone and knock on the door. If a woman answered, Mrs. Harris merely posed as a perfume or linens vendor and looked for better luck next time. If a man answered she asked to see his wife.

But many times no one answered repeated knockings. Then the Harris team

got to work with their passkey.

From the first "take" this amazing pair started keeping books. Every item of swag was listed in a ledger with its market value. A follow-up record showed how much they realized from its sale.

At one time Allen even owned a fur shop, where he retailed the coats as he swiped them. By wiping out the middleman and acting as his own fence, Harris ran what might have been called a "from burglar to buyer" business.

Records show, however, that when he did use a fence it wasn't in the usual manner. While most crooks get only about a tenth

of the market value for anything they steal, the Harris team always got at least a third.

But one day overconfidence—born of recent lucky takes that enabled the couple to indulge in a patriotic streak and buy \$12,000 worth of war bonds—made them a little careless about carrying other people's property in plain sight.

Police had been tipped off to watch Allen and Ruth. Detectives saw the couple leave their Broadway lodgings and drive to an uptown hotel.

Leisurely the Harrises strolled into the building, coming out a half hour later, apparently empty handed. They drove to a fur shop on W. 71st St.



Detectives watched them go in and come out of this shop and saw nothing to complain about.

But next day the uptown hotel reported a Persian lamb coat stolen.

Figuring that Ruth might have had it on under her own coat the plainclothesmen trailed the couple for two weeks without any clues.

Then came the night when Allen let one of the watchers see him walk out of another hotel with a mink coat over his arm. He carelessly tossed the coat into the trunk of his car, and again went to the 71st St. place.

Detectives followed him in, but not without being spotted. Allen dropped the coat and swore he'd never seen it before. But the shopkeeper was on the spot. He gave Harris away.

A look in the storage vault disclosed the missing Persian lamb, too.

After the arrest police found a safety deposit key, receipts from several fur storage houses and a record collection of hotel keys. In the storage vaults more furs awaited sale. The safety deposit box was jammed with jewelry. The combined loot was estimated to be worth about \$50,000.

Where the rest of the Harrises' sizable nest egg is hidden was not revealed by them. Hand in hand,

like a pair of schoolyard sweethearts, they stood while the judge sentenced them to several years behind bars.

Not even when the prosecutor, Asst. Dist. Attorney Edward M. Rose, offered leniency if they'd disclose information about fences and accessories would they talk.

Victims have come forward to identify and claim items found in the Harris loot. Uncle Sam may slap a tax attachment on the unearthed Harris fortune, too.

So it seems likely that when Allen and Ruth get out of jail their million dollar profit will have dwindled and the firm may be nearer bankruptcy than the ordinary \$50 a week petty pilferer ever was.

Ruth and Allen heard the sentence that broke up and bankrupted their million-dollar partnership in crime. Clashed hands, the judge couldn't see, were their only display of emotion.

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Old Stuff

Did you know that Alarm clocks are 2,371 years old? That these were taxicab meters in the old Roman days? And submarines were known in the 15th century?

The ancients knew a lot more about such things than they get credit for.

Take, for example, alarm clocks. Way back in 427 B. C., Plato, the Greek philosopher, had rigged up one of his own. It consisted of a siphon attached to a water clock. The gadget was arranged in such a way that when the water reached a certain level—at the same time each day—it ran down a tube into a vessel so fast that the air became compressed and, escaping through a pipe, made a whistle loud enough to wake him up.

Taxicab meters are looked upon as an invention of the modern age. But the old Romans had their meters, too. Ptolemy, on becoming Emperor of Rome on December 31, A. D. 132, sold his predecessor's possessions, and an inventory of these goods describes "distances which have centuries to measure the distances over which they are driven and which count the hours spent on the journey."

It was Leonardo da Vinci, the great 15th century painter, who left 5,000 blueprints. One was for a submarine. Another showed an automatic printing press. Still others were layouts of automatic guns, roller bearings and divers' helmets.

Blood transfusions, so prominently linked with the current war, are nothing new. The first that was known happened back in 1667—when Jean Denys of Montpellier, France, put blood from a lamb into the body of a boy.

An examination of mummy cloth shows that the Egyptians knew plenty about flax weaving and spinning 3,000 years ago.

There are a lot of things the ancients were on to that are still a mystery to modern science. For example, they could make rustless iron. At Delhi, capital of India, there stands a wrought iron column erected in 350 B. C. which is estimated to weigh 12,600 pounds. It has never shown any signs of rust.

Next Week

**Flyers
DISCOVER
Secret of
RIVER OF
GOLD**

Ending one of the great mysteries of geography, American flyers have unearthed the source of South America's Orinoco River, legendary land of gold, diamonds and rubies. Read "The Orinoco's Secret—A Fabulous Treasure of Gems" by Lowell Thomas in the...

Aug. 27 Issue of
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

False Teeth Wearers

**Why risk these two dangers...
Denture Breath and Loose Plates?**



Avoid Denture Breath—Be careful. It is difficult to reach all the tiny crevices in your plate with a brush and ordinary cleansers... and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, resulting in offensive Denture Breath.

Avoid Loose Plates, Too

Denture material is 60 times softer than natural teeth. With Polident there is no brushing—no danger of wearing down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place.

Do This Every Day!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

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TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

Learn this easy way to kill her quick... Spray with Flit! It's sudden death to every breed of mosquito. But more important, it wipes out Anopheles... the mosquito that carries dread malaria... the one mosquito that always lands nose down.

But don't let her land! For once she has taken a bite of blood from even one malaria victim... she may spread wracking chills and burning miseries throughout a whole community.



FLIT

Arm yourself with Flit... and stop this vicious carrier of disease before she can reach your family. Spray Flit in dark corners, where she lurks. Spray it on stagnant water, where she breeds. Spray it on all mosquitoes in the air! Remember, Anopheles strikes when you least expect it. So don't delay. Get a big supply of Flit, today!

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

So sure it's Flit! Ask for the yellow container with the black band!

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Do This For INSTANT RELIEF

CORNS make you miserable? Get Blue-Jay Medicated Corn Plasters today... instantly you get relief from throbbing pressure-pain. Soft dura-felt pad gives sure protection against shoe friction than less efficient ways. Won't skid—and won't rub off.

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Mrs. Kenneth Bryan Neel, New York City. "I'm devoted to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," confides this lovely bride. "My very first cake of Camay brought such delicate new softness to my skin."

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**Softer,
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with just
One Cake of Camay!



Actual tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!



The magic of a softer, clearer complexion can be yours...with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, you can have lovelier skin as quickly as *that* when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the *first* cake of Camay, most complexions sparkled with fresh new radiance, looked more sweetly soft.

It cleanses without irritation

In these tests, you see proof of Camay's *mildness*...proof it can benefit skin! "Camay

is really mild," said the doctors, "*it cleansed without irritation.*" Surely the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to *your* own complexion...so get Camay.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash.

That's all—and with your *first cake* of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.



Precious material! Use Camay—make each cake last and last! Remember, soap waste is war waste.

Through the Looking Glass

By URSULA TROW

ITS, undoubtedly, vanity that makes little three-year-olds stand in front of mirrors and snip off their hair to the length of a crew-cut. It's "Mummy" who has to make the most of the devastating results.

If you were lucky enough to catch your little girl while she was still working at the front part of her hair, you may only have to cut bangs to straighten out the zig-zag effect. But if the back of her hair has been flayed as well, the best thing to do is take the youngster to a barber shop and let the barber give her a very short bob all around. And then be patient while her hair grows in again—especially if little Alice wore pigtails before the fateful day.

Daily Care

BUT while it's growing, you can help it along by daily care, so that the childish experiment will not have been a completely devastating one.

Daily brushing is absolutely necessary for a little girl's good hair conditioning. Brush gently, because a child's scalp is more sensitive than that of a grown-up. It might be well to brush a child's hair a few strokes at a time, but several times each day. For instance, brush it in the morning to get the tangles out. Brush it again at noon to remove the dust that has been picked up while playing. And brush it again at night before putting her to bed. Always use a brush

with soft or medium strength bristles to avoid scratching the scalp.

One famous line of cosmetologists in hair and scalp care suggests that if your child's hair shows a tendency to dryness, cut down on the frequency of shampoos. To keep hair clean without shampooing, brush corn meal through it, or use a specially prepared dry shampoo, or a mild astringent, such as witch hazel or some of your facial toning lotion on a little pad of clean cotton.

For the regular shampoo, use a very mild soap or shampoo preparation on your child's hair. If you possibly have the time, wash her hair during the day, so that she won't have to go to bed till it is completely dry. I can think of two reasons for avoiding this: the first, to prevent colds, and the second to help in the hair arrangement. Hair naturally gets mussed while sleeping, and if it's still damp, it's harder to untangle the next morning.

Sun Protection

SUN-BAKED hair loses its luster and sheen, and because children are outdoors



Oplice Sisters Photograph

Protection Against Sun Bleaching Is Important for Your Child's Hair.

so much, especially in summer, their hair ought to be protected against the drying effects of sun bleaching, fading, burning and streaking. A washable, inexpensive sun bonnet will do a good job of keeping the sun away from her head. But most mothers are rather unsuccessful in promoting the idea of head-gear for outdoor play. In that case, try a protective lotion, which can be used on both skin and hair.

Curly heads, whether young or old, are extremely fortunate. But if Nature

left your offspring with nary a wave, don't fret or fume. Straight hair can be very beautiful.

Keep It Natural

A CHILD'S hair should, above all, look natural. You can dress it up with colored bows, barretts, or braid it into becoming arrangements. But, most important, it should be clean.

Some children can wear longer bobs than others, and you can determine the best length for your child by the trial-and-error method. However, never let it get unkempt looking because of lack of trimming.

Yes, children are undoubtedly vain. So if you impress upon your youngster that she looks best with her hair just as you've arranged it, she may not take the scissors to it so readily



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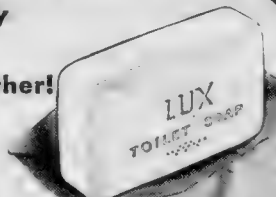
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• In recent tests of Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time! Merle Oberon tells you, "My Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier—leave it feeling wonderfully smooth, soft!"

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It's patience to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using place it in a dry soap dish. Mitten first sliver and press against new cake.



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Even Before the War, the PHILCO REFRIGERATOR Gave You this Advanced Design!



TODAY owners of Philco Refrigerators have good reason to congratulate themselves on their choice. For before the war, Philco introduced an entirely new kind of refrigerator with a full size, separate compartment for Frozen Storage where foods of all kinds can be kept at below freezing temperatures for weeks. Think what that means in these days of food rationing and restricted shopping trips. And remember, it's an *exclusive* feature, only one example of the modern ideas and Advanced Design that Philco has brought to home refrigeration.

TOMORROW under the influence of Philco Advanced Design, the refrigerator will be tremendously more useful and convenient in your home. New ideas are waiting for development when Philco engineers return from their war research. Watch Philco in refrigeration after the war. You'll see new evidence of the engineering progress that has made the Philco name stand for *Leadership* over the years!

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SCALP ODOR not-you?



Perhaps your pillow
knows different

Are you sure you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—and not know it. Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packery Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp... soft, fragrant hair, get Packery Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or tea-

cent store.

PACKERY
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WHEN YOUR STOMACH

IS

UPSET



When youngsters abuse their stomachs, don't make matters worse by giving overdoes of antacids or harsh, drastic physical

Try giving gentle, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. It's pleasant to the taste! Get a bottle at your drug store today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of "Diphenhydramine" (NORWICK)
"M. M. B. Co. & P. Co. Inc."

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

Is your kitchen only as big as a "trunk"? Just named those afterthoughts which some housewives accidently planned into the house? Fool didn't mean much to him and so he omitted the kitchen—almost. If that's your kitchen, you might as well stack your mixing bowls and make the best of it, till after the war, anyway. For today thousands of brides are cooking meals on makeshift hot plates, thousands of older housekeepers, because of war-plant crowded conditions, are preparing family meals in trailers, or in community kitchens shared with several other women. And then there are a good many others who have never known any kind of kitchen but a kitchenette—a miniature, handbox affair set into a small apartment and meant only as a place to make breakfast, but used regularly (in spite of crowding) to cook for a small family and company dinners occasionally too.

"Only a juggler could cook happily in my kitchen," a bride with such a kitchenette complained recently to me. "The drain-board is my only working space. Before I put something down, I have to pick something else up."

Streamlined kitchenettes in our post-war homes will take care of these problems, I hope, and meanwhile for all cooks in two-by-four kitchens, here are some tricks which help.

Keep Menus Simple

KEEP the menus simple. One-dish meals, plus salad, and a bought, or refrigerator, dessert are best. Invest in attractive ovenware dishes of glass, earthenware and metal which can come to the table from the range. This saves dishwashing and simplifies service.

Wash kitchen dishes and pans as soon as you use them.

Don't try to serve the plates in the kitchen. If your dinette table is too small for table service, place a card table or coffee table alongside and serve from that.

Here's a menu designed to let you dine in style without performing a juggling act at serving time. The secret of its success is that the dishes can be prepared one at a time, and immediately whisked either into the refrigerator or the oven to stay till serving time.

Two-by-Four Menu

Oven-Fried Chicken
New Potatoes in Cream
Baked Tomatoes
Tossed Green Salad
Rolls or Bread and Butter
Raspberry Chiffon Pie
Coffee or Tea
Here are the recipes you'll need for it.

Oven-Fried Chicken

2½ to 3-pound chicken
3 tablespoons salad oil
2 teaspoons salt

Cook in a Two-by-Four?

Plan
Simple
Dinners;
Use
Casseroles
and
Other
Self-
Service
Dishes;
Wash
Utensils
As
Soon
As
Used.



¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups whole-wheat cereal flakes

Cut the cleaned and dressed chicken into serving pieces. Rub these with one tablespoon of the salad oil, and salt and pepper them. Crush the cereal flakes into fine crumbs. Roll the chicken in the crumbs until well coated. Then lay the pieces on a greased, shallow baking pan or on an ovenware platter and sprinkle it with the remaining oil. Bake it in a very hot oven (500 degrees F.) ten or fifteen minutes, or until browned. Reduce the heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake it thirty minutes longer or until tender. Serve at once. Four to six servings.

Raspberry Chiffon Pie

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
3 eggs
¼ cup sugar or honey
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup crushed fresh raspberries

Beat the egg yolks with one-fourth cup of the sugar. Add the salt and milk. Cook this in the upper part of the double boiler, over boiling

water until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and then stir it into the hot custard. Add the vanilla. Let it cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the washed and crushed berries and lemon juice mixed together, then the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the remaining sugar has been added. Pour this

Into the special cereal pie shell and chill it till firm. Six servings.

Special Cereal Crust

3 cups oven-popped rice
½ cup butter or fortified margarine
¼ cup sugar

Roll the cereal into fine crumbs. Melt the fat in a pie pan and add the sugar and crumbs to it and mix. Press mixture evenly and firmly around the sides and bottom of the pie pan. Bake this shell in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about eight to ten minutes. Let it cool before filling. Or you need not bake the shell. After pressing it into shape, chill it thoroughly in the refrigerator, fill as directed and chill again.

To roll cereal, measure it into a bag. Fold the open end over several times to close it tightly. Roll a tumbler or small jar over the bag until the cereal is crushed fine. Add the sugar and shake well in the bag to mix.

Bacon-Stuffed Tomatoes

1 pound sliced bacon
¼ cup minced onion
1 tomato
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup bacon drippings
3 slices bread, cut in small cubes
¼ cup minced green pepper

Brown the onion in the

water until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and then stir it into the hot custard. Add the vanilla. Let it cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the washed and crushed berries and lemon juice mixed together, then the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the remaining sugar has been added. Pour this

bacon drippings. When the onion is clear, add the bread cubes and brown them lightly.

Wash the tomatoes and cut a thin slice off the top of each. Scoop out the centers. Mix with the salt, bread and green pepper. Fill the tomato shells with this mixture. Set them in a pan and bake for twenty minutes in a hot (400 degrees F.) oven.

Serve with the bacon which has been baked on a rack in a shallow pan in the same oven with the tomatoes. Four servings.

Salami Goulash

¼ pound salami
2 cups diced potatoes
2 cups shredded red cabbage
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar

Boiling water
Wash the potatoes, scrape or peel and cut in small cubes. Wash the cabbage, look over it carefully, then shred. Wash the green pepper, cut off the top and remove seeds and fibre. Cut the shell in strips or dice.

Cut the salami into small cubes and brown lightly in a heavy skillet. Add the potatoes and boiling water to cover. Cook ten minutes. Add the cabbage and green pepper. Add more water if necessary. Add vinegar and sugar. Boil seven minutes. Serves four.

Spanish Green Beans

¼ pound ground beef
1 small onion
2 tablespoons drippings
1 cup tomato soup, or tomato sauce
½ cup water
1 tablespoon minced parsley
3 cups cooked string beans
Salt and pepper

Wash and peel the onion. Dice it and brown it with the beef in the drippings. Add the tomato soup or sauce and the water. Cover the pan and let it simmer thirty minutes. Add the cooked beans and when thoroughly hot sprinkle with the minced parsley and serve. Season with salt or pepper if needed. Four servings.

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WITH 2
WHEATIES BOX TOPS

Save your waste cooking fats—It's ammunition for our fighting men

Summer Specials

THESE are ideal dishes for the two-by-four kitchen:

Buttered Green Onions

- 4 cups green onions
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- Toasted bread slices

Wash the onions and cut them into one-inch pieces using all the green stem if the onions are very young. Add the butter or margarine and water to the onions. Cover tightly. Bring to boiling, then simmer for five minutes or until tender. Add salt and pepper. Serve on hot buttered toast slices. Five servings.

Onion Scallop

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
- 12 cooked onions

Melt the butter or margarine and stir the flour smoothly into it. Add the salt, pepper, celery salt and paprika. Stir until well blended, then stir the milk in gradually. Cook and stir until the sauce thickens. Add the cheese and stir till the cheese is melted. Add the washed and peeled small or medium onions which have been boiled a few minutes. Pour into a greased casserole. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake uncovered in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for forty-five min-

utes. Put start with the oven cold. Four or five servings.

Corn with Green Pepper

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups corn, canned or cut from the cob

Melt the butter or margarine, add the flour and mix well. Add the milk slowly, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens. Add the salt, pepper and sugar. Combine the well-beaten egg, the corn and green pepper and add to the sauce. Bring to boiling, then let it simmer twenty minutes. Four servings.

Lamb-Apple Topper

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound dried lamb
- 1 tablespoon fat
- 3 whole cloves
- 2 cups sliced tart apples
- 2 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar

Season the lamb and brown it in the hot fat. Place it in a shallow baking dish, add the cloves and cover with sliced apples. Add the water, lemon rind, and salt. Top with crumbs, then with sugar. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) thirty minutes, then uncover and continue the baking for fifteen more minutes. Four servings.

Sew Your Own

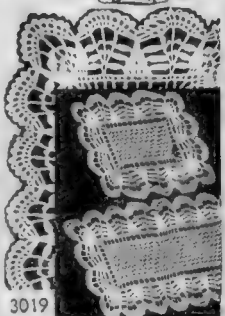


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Mosquitoes just don't like Jitter Bug. That's why they steer away from the man, woman or child who rubs a few drops of Jitter Bug on ankles, legs, wrists, arms, face and forehead before going outside. It repels Chiggers, too, and Sand Flies and Sand Flies. Costs only 25¢ at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. If you want real protection this summer, be sure you get genuine

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Tempting Dishes from our Allies!

COOK WITH CRISCO!

No other shortening does so much to make
wartime meals **EXCITING** and **DIGESTIBLE!**

Want to pep up wartime meals? Borrow a recipe idea or two from our Allies! Your family is sure to find these new dishes *exciting* to eat . . . easy to digest . . . when you cook with Crisco!

It's **True!** Crisco does *more* for your cooking than any other shortening. For Crisco has a special cooking secret. It gives you *lighter*, more tender cakes. A sure way to get flaky, tender pie crust *every time*. And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so digestible children may eat 'em.

Begin Today! Make flaky, *mouth-melting* Crisco Pastry for those Lemon Cheese Tarts. Fry those Russian Meat Balls in Crisco and *know* they're digestible. Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for pure, all-vegetable Crisco and be sure!

Lemon Cheese Tarts

Full recipe Crisco Pastry 1-3-see, package cream cheese
1/4 cup Crisco
1/2 cup sugar

1/4 tsp. salt
2 eggs
Rind of 1 lemon
3 tbsps. lemon juice
1/2 cup raisins

Line 7 or 8 small tart shells (2 1/2") or muffin pans with Crisco Pastry, rolled thin. (Follow the new, easy Pastry Method on the Crisco label.) No more guessing! With Crisco and melting pastry *every time!* Blend together cream cheese, Crisco, sugar and salt. Beat in eggs, lemon juice and rind. Beat till smooth. Add raisins. Fill unbaked shells two-thirds full. Top with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 10 min.; then in moderate oven (350°F.) 20-25 min. All Measurements Level.



Russian Meat Balls



3 medium cooked potatoes
1 lb. ground veal
1 small onion, minced
1 egg

2 tps. salt
1 tsp. pepper
4 tbsps. Crisco
1 cup sour cream

Chop potatoes fine. Combine with veal, onion, egg and seasonings. Form into small balls. Roll in flour and fry till brown in hot digestible Crisco. (No need to worry about digestions! Foods fried deliciously brown and tempting in Crisco are so

digestible even children may eat them.) Add 1/2 cup cream; cover and simmer 15 min. Just before serving, add rest of cream. Serve with cooked carrot strips. Makes 12 to 15 balls about 1 1/4 inches round. All Measurements Level. Serves 6.

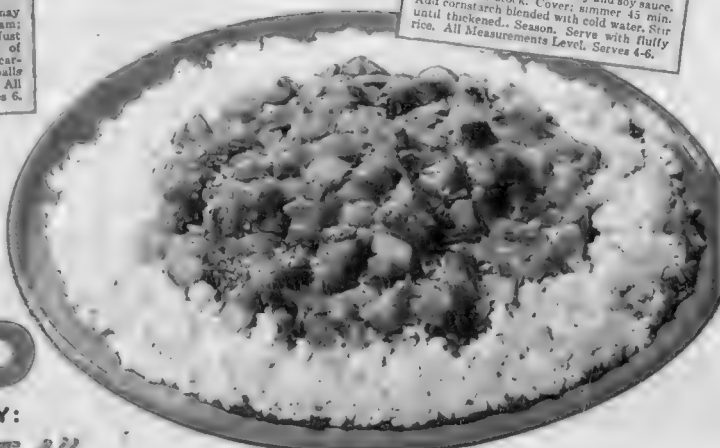


Chungking Chop Suey

1/2 lb. fresh cubed pork
3 tbsps. Crisco
2 medium onions, sliced
2 cups sprouted soy beans
1 cup chopped green pepper
1 cup chopped celery

4 tbsps. soy sauce
2 cups meat stock
or consomme
3 tbsps. cornstarch
1/2 cup water
1 tsp. salt

Brown meat in a large skillet in hot digestible Crisco. (Use Crisco for all your frying. There's no heavy smoke or smell—no "frying-pan" taste to easy-digesting Crisco fried foods!) Add onions; cook until slightly browned. Add soy beans, green pepper, celery and soy sauce. Stir in meat stock. Cover; simmer 45 min. until thickened. Season. Serve with fluffy rice. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.



Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

"IT'S DIGESTIBLE!"

"THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO RESIGN FROM THE MOTOR CORPS"

"I WAS ALL THOSE STRONG LAXATIVES I WAS TAKING FOR ORDINARY CONSTIPATION WERE WEARING ME DOWN. BUT NOW I'VE CHANGED TO NUJOL!"



NUJOL

EFFECTIVE... GENTLE... REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK

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IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP FIT AND TO KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

Toilet Bowls Need Extra Care in Summer



Sani-Flush

For Cleaning Toilet Bowls

Hot weather increases toilet odors. A fresh, clean bowl is a real safeguard. But don't scrub and scour by hand with ordinary cleansers and disinfectants. Sani-Flush makes bowls sparkle. Use it twice a week. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere, two handy sizes.

Sani-Flush

Quick • Easy • Sanitary

5-DAY PERSPIRATION TREATMENT

With 5-DAY UNDERARM PADS you check perspiration before it starts... that's about too from 1 to 5 days, depending upon you.

This dry underarm treatment is simple too—just touch a pad to your underarms and there you are... sweet and dry. Large pads for extra protection. Distributors: Clorox.

5-DAY UNDERARM PADS



The new discoveries in science are told every week in this magazine

August 20, 1944

Make It Yourself



By JANE TEN BROEK

If you or your daughter have been dreaming of a glamorous dressing table, there's no need to put off having one for the duration, no matter how strict the budget is just now. Just get your hands on a pair of cast-off window curtains or draperies, invest a few cents in thread or trimming materials and get to work with scissors, measuring tape and sewing machine. Nowadays, those decorator touches which are found on the ready-made dressing table skirts, such as applique work, cording and ruffling, are easy to manage with sewing machine attachments even if you are a novice at sewing. (And ask at your local sewing center if you're not sure of some detail.)

Use Old Curtains

THE first step in transforming curtains that have outlived their original usefulness is to rip open all the seams. Then remove the gathering stitches from all ruffles, flounces and valances. Wash and iron all the pieces before you tackle the remodeling project. If the drapery fabric is not washable, have it dry cleaned after you have taken the pieces apart. If the curtains are faded and discolored you can do a quick tinting job in a color which ties in with the room's decorating scheme.

Use Any Table

A PLAIN wooden kitchen-type table, two fruit crates or an old living room table can be used. Or buy one of the low-cost unfinished dressing tables, on sale in most department and hardware stores. Paint or stain any parts of the table which will show. Make a cover for the top of some of the curtain material, cut to exact shape, and finished with a row of bias binding tape in a contrasting color. Or finish the top cover with a ruffle, or with a narrow hem. Or the table top may be left bare, painted, stained and covered with glass cut to fit the shape. If you have an old mirror ask the glazier or the hardware dealer to cut it down to fit the shape of the table top. Give him a paper pattern of the top of the table to guide him.

Then after measurements are taken and the style is

decided on—ruffled, pleated, plain with set-on contrasting hem, or whatever—lay the cleaned and ironed fabric on a large table and cut the needed pieces.

If you have old floor-length, flower-sprigged dimity or dotted Swiss curtains, you can easily copy the dressing table skirt illustrated here by just cutting and joining the curtain strips to the desired width and length of your dressing table.

Make Full Enough

USE a combined width of strips to equal one and one-half times the measurement of the front plus the sides of the table top edge. For a skirt of gathered fullness, use the gathering foot attachment on your sewing machine to coax in the skirt's fullness evenly.

Divide the skirt width into two equal pieces and finish separately to provide a center opening at the front. The four-inch hem flounce is optional, but if you can make it with the material on hand, or if you add new material in a contrasting solid color, make a strip (approximately twice the width of the skirt's hem) to achieve a gathered effect that's fuller than the skirt.

Finish Edges

THE raw edges of this hem strip can be picoted quickly with the sewing machine's hemstitcher attachment, then use the Ruffler attachment to gather in the fullness and to stitch it on the bottom of the skirt in one operation.

The top of the dressing table skirt is finished off with a half-inch heading and three rows of gathered stitching. Tack to the table edge or buy snapper tape for this. This consists of two strips of tape. Sew one strip on the wrong side of the skirt and thumbtack the other onto the table edge. The fasteners in the tape on the skirt fit into those on the table. This makes it easy to remove the skirt for laundering. The last "professional" touch is to attach a huge, casually-tied bow at the front.

Slipcovers are easy to make. So are clothes closet fittings. Send a stamped addressed envelope for directions for making both. The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 19, N. Y.



OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

CUTS GREASE ERASES DIRT

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OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

CLEANED 34 MORE BATHTUBS

than any other leading cleanser*

Here Are Results of Tests* under Actual Living Conditions

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER CLEANED:

- 71 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER A
- 70 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER B
- 69 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER C
- 61 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER D
- 62 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER E
- 67 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER F
- 66 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER G
- 104 MORE BATHTUBS THAN CLEANSER H



The cleansers identified above by letters, along with Old Dutch Cleanser account for over 90% of all the cleansers sold in the United States.



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CLOROX-CLEAN BATHROOMS

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WHY TAKE CHANCES?

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BUY WAR BONDS

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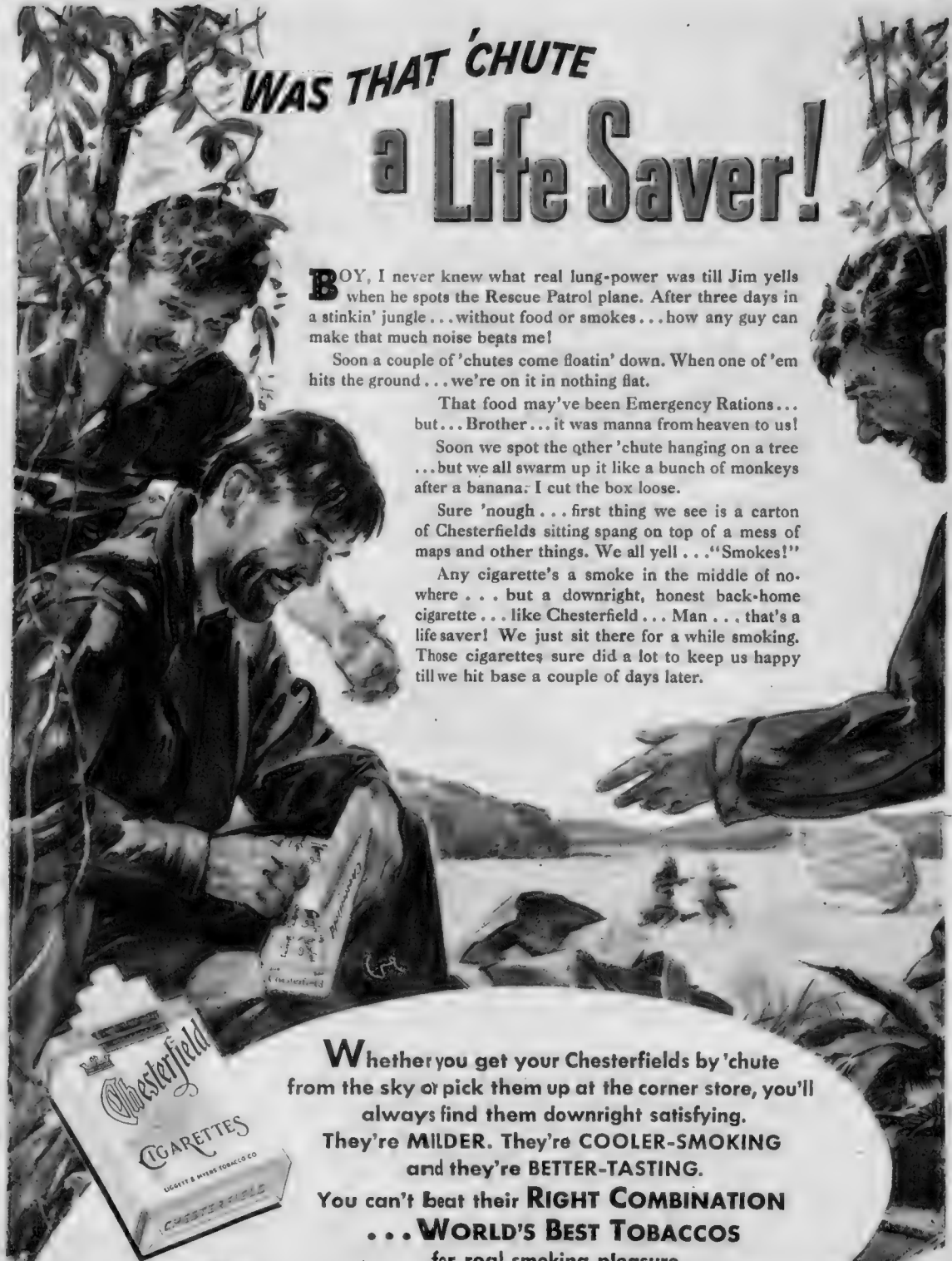
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Disinfects

DEODORIZES • BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS



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WAS THAT 'CHUTE

a Life Saver!

BOY, I never knew what real lung-power was till Jim yells when he spots the Rescue Patrol plane. After three days in a stinkin' jungle... without food or smokes... how any guy can make that much noise beats me!

Soon a couple of 'chutes come floatin' down. When one of 'em hits the ground... we're on it in nothing flat.

That food may've been Emergency Rations... but... Brother... it was manna from heaven to us!

Soon we spot the other 'chute hanging on a tree... but we all swarm up it like a bunch of monkeys after a banana. I cut the box loose.

Sure 'nough... first thing we see is a carton of Chesterfields sitting spang on top of a mess of maps and other things. We all yell... "Smokes!"

Any cigarette's a smoke in the middle of nowhere... but a downright, honest back-home cigarette... like Chesterfield... Man... that's a life saver! We just sit there for a while smoking. Those cigarettes sure did a lot to keep us happy till we hit base a couple of days later.



Whether you get your Chesterfields by 'chute from the sky or pick them up at the corner store, you'll always find them downright satisfying.

They're **MILDER**. They're **COOLER-SMOKING** and they're **BETTER-TASTING**.

You can't beat their **RIGHT COMBINATION**
... WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
for real smoking pleasure.

LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

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ARE MORE BOY BABIES

Born In War Time?



Are we here to strike Nature's balance in these days of war? That age-old question doesn't bother these healthy looking wartime babies whose care at Greater Boston Community Fund clinics is quite evident here.

By Dr. G. Lynde Gately
City of Boston Health Commissioner

BABIES are babies to me and God bless 'em, but wartime babies... they are the ladies and gentlemen that start my troubles all over again.

It isn't the labor spent in recording their births; nor is it the care they require in the early stages of life.

It's the age old question propounded to me—and probably to every other health commissioner in the country:

"Are more boy babies born in wartime than girls?"

The question, of course, is predicated upon the belief and, often times, the proven fact that Dame Nature strikes a balance and that more boys are born in wartime in order to compensate the human race for the number of boys who go to their untimely deaths on the battle field.

Coupled with that first question, too, I get another:

"Is an increase in the births of girl babies an indication that the war will soon be over?"

During the first World War in 1917 and 1918 boys DID predominate and even then we had the same discussion that pointed to a belief that nature was balancing its manpower.

But... In the years between the first war and the present conflict, again we find the boys predominating. Examples may be seen in 1935 when 8175 boys were born to 7660 girls; in 1936, 8064 males to 7658 females and in 1937, 8171 lads to 7768 girls.

And so the general average has been nearly even to this year when June produced 128 boys in Boston and only 112 girls.

Medical science has not been able as yet to prove anything on the subject.

Statistics are cold and speak for themselves.

As for me? I've heard both sides since childhood but still can't prove anything.

I'd rather you take it from here!

**PICTORIAL
REVIEW**

BOSTON
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
AUGUST 20, 1944

Strange Case OF THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

By DAVID INGRAM



Mrs. Frances Andrews, society matron, who faces murder charge in the death of 19-year-old Jay Lovett in strange thriller enacted out in Carmel Valley, Cal. Her jealous rage led to murder, police say.



Mrs. Mary Linde, 34, California society woman, wife of a doctor, who treated young Jay Lovett to dinner at her home just before his death. Police charge Mrs. Andrews killed Jay in her rage over it.

CALIFORNIA will see its most sensational murder trial in years when the case of the Cowboy and the Society Matron comes to court. For the strange killing of Jay Lovett, the handsome 19-year-old Okie who turned cowboy, has more suspense than most mystery thrillers.

The State contends that blonde Mrs. Frances Andrews, twice married wealthy society woman, shot him through the head in a fit of jealous rage.

Her lawyer claims that dark-haired Jay, who stood 5 feet 8 and weighed 145 pounds, committed suicide.

Mrs. Andrews waits the trial in Monterey county jail, surrounded by a big supply of sheer underwear, cosmetics, heating pads and magazines, which she brought with her immediately after her indictment for first degree murder.

Already, the charges in the case are sensational. Even more startling revelations are due to come when the trial goes on. Both prosecution and defense promise "big surprises" when 38-year-old Mrs. Andrews begins her fight for life.

First chapter of the real life mystery thriller came on the night of July 15 when the young cowboy was being entertained at dinner at the home of a Carmel Valley society woman, pretty Mrs. Nancy Linde, 34-year-old wife of a prominent San Francisco physician.

Mrs. Andrews appeared at the dinner suddenly and asked Jay to come with her—to examine a sick calf.

Three hours later, Jay was dead with a bullet wound in his head. He was sprawled near the gate of Mrs. Andrews' ranch home with a .25 calibre revolver at his side. The revolver had been wiped clean of all fingerprints.

Mrs. Andrews told police she heard a shot outside, ran from her home, unarmed, and went directly to the spot where the boy's body lay. She said she found him dead.

She admitted the pistol was hers, but said it had been taken from a bureau drawer in her bedroom.

The sheriff's deputies arrived in an hour and declared that all physical evidence, including the original position of the body, had been completely distorted by the activities of neighbors and friends of Mrs. Andrews.

They also wondered who had taken the trouble to wipe the fingerprints off the gun.

IMMEDIATELY, the meshes of suspicion and circumstance began to entangle the spirited and wealthy Mrs. Andrews. Revelation followed revelation, and there were plenty of them.

The dark haired cowboy's niece, 12-year-old Betty Jo Lovett, told of hearing a conversation between Mrs. Andrews and Jay in a field not long before the shooting.

She said that the cowboy told the matron that a certain woman he knew was building a room at her ranch for her hired hand and that Mrs. Andrews replied, "What are they doing—building a little nest over there for you?"

Betty Jo said that thereupon Jay told Mrs. Andrews to shut her mouth and began to swear at her.

Testimony of Mrs. Luther Lovett, Jay's mother, who lives on the next ranch to the Andrews', was even more startling.

"Jay lived at the Andrews home for a month immediately after Mrs. Andrews' husband went into the Army," she said.

"No one else was living there. Just the two of them. Jay had a room on one side of the house and she had one on the other side. It was then that Jay stopped going to Carmel High School, where he was a sophomore."

LUTHER LOVETT, JR., Jay's brother, had quite a tale to tell the grand jury too. He declared he had found a secret cache of letters written to Jay by Mrs. Andrews.

He said the letters began "I love, Frances." When he made fun of his brother, Luther said,

"One of them had a check in it from Mrs. Andrews," she testified. "It was for Jay to buy a round trip ticket to San Francisco. Jay went up there and stayed at whichever hotel it was where she was staying."

"It was on April 30, 1943, and that was his 18th birthday."

A good many more witnesses paraded into the Grand Jury room, and when the evidence was all in, Mrs. Andrews was indicted for first degree murder and lodged in jail.

Her husband, Cpl. Frank Andrews, a part time sculptor before he entered the Army, steadfastly stood by his wife.

ON THE night of the shooting, he had been house guest at the home of Victor McLaglen, the screen star, so he was, of course, entirely eliminated from the case.

"The whole case against my wife is a pile of junk," Andrews said. "Of course, she wrote letters to Jay and signed them 'Love, Frances.' That was perfectly natural. We treated that boy like a son."

As for the story that Jay had been Mrs. Andrews' guest at a fashionable San Francisco hotel, the husband declared: "We are going to save disclosure of what actually happened in San Francisco for the defense of my wife at the trial."

Mrs. Andrews did not testify before the grand jury on advice of her counsel, Atty. Leo Friedman, a veteran of the sensational Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, and David Lumsden trials.

Her husband hotly contends that the district attorney, Anthony Brazil, never gave his wife a chance to tell her story.

"If the boy didn't kill himself, then Mr. Brazil should find out who did it," he said flatly. "Frances didn't."

MRS. ANDREWS' lawyer, the famous Friedman, is just as convinced of the wealthy matron's innocence.

"I defy anyone to show me a single scrap of evidence linking her with this matter," he says. "The boy committed suicide and we'll prove it."

District Attorney Brazil has an entirely different idea of the case and suicide doesn't enter into his conception of it at all.

When young Jay Lovett's body was found with the gun beside it and two ejected shells

Jay flew into a rage and burned all the letters.

Mrs. Lovett said she'd known about the correspondence all along.

"One of them had a check in it from Mrs. Andrews," she testified. "It was for Jay to buy a round trip ticket to San Francisco. Jay went up there and stayed at whichever hotel it was where she was staying."

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When young Jay Lovett's body was found with the gun beside it and two ejected shells

At the age of 19, Cowboy Jay Lovett of California met death in strange case.

Is it WAR NERVES OR JUST HOLLYWOOD?

By ALFRED D. WHELTON

IS IT war nerves or is it Hollywood just keeping pace with divorce in the rest of the world?

The answer could be either but the fact remains that the city of movies is being stirred almost constantly in these war-torn days with divorces startling enough to believe they could not happen in normal times.

We speak, principally, of divorces at the instigation of glamour girls whose husbands are now on the far-flung battle fronts.

Outstanding, at the moment, is the breakup between the statuesque Martha O'Driscoll, who met her husband-to-be more than eight years ago, admired him for more than seven years, was married to him less than a year ago and now says the marriage has "bogged down."

Martha and "Dick" Adams—now Lt. Com. Richard Donald Adams, USNR—first met when Martha was at the awkward age of 13, with pigtails, gangling form and with the inevitable freckles.

She admired him then but Dick was at the ripe old age of 26.

Time, which tradition says is a great healer, proved to be kind to Martha, however, and—given eight years—time was loyal to its trust.

SO . . . last September 13 the curvaceous Martha O'Driscoll (no freckles, no pigtails and a mature lady of 21) raised her hand for the time-honored oath:

"Until death do us part!"

The merits of the case are strictly between Martha and Dick at this time and Martha is the only one available to tell what there is to tell. Lieut. Comdr. Adams is somewhere in the South Seas, pushing onward toward Tokyo.

But Martha, very apparently, has heard from him. And he, also very apparently, has heard from her that she had gone to the Aleutians with an entertainment group for the troops in that lonesome and ice-laden area of the world.

"He objected," says Martha, "saying one member of the family in far-off places was enough. 'It was things like that that bogged down our marriage,' she added.

Oddly enough, Lt. Comdr. Adams had been on sea duty for some time before he came back to marry Martha.

He was chief engineer on an aircraft carrier in the vast expanse of the Pacific, but he didn't talk so much about that. He came back to marry the girl he met at the age of 13 but who

Continued on Page 11



Martha O'Driscoll "steps out" toward war divorce. Is it nerves or Hollywood? She says her childhood romance has "bogged down." Her hubby is at war.



Mrs. "Jackie" Coogan (Flower Parry), at top, with Baby John, born only a month before "The Kid" of silent films got wartime divorce. At left, Ida Lupino is shown in a candid shot as she danced with her husband, Marine Capt. Louis Hayward, before the clouds of war wrecked the marital bark. It was "Jackie's" second divorce, but the Hayward romance was thought impregnable until Louis went off to war and Ida stayed at home.



By PETER LEVINS

THE urge not only to kill but to maim, disfigure and mutilate the very body which has been the killer's chief delight is an eccentricity peculiar only to mankind. The number of these kills, called "sex murders" by psychiatrists and police, is so great that they surpass all other classifications of murder.

No scientist as yet has offered a satisfactory solution to this strange madness which is quite unknown—and possibly a source of much puzzlement and even contempt—in the animal world. The quality of the killers' characters is a riddle to the experts, for these fellow-creatures of ours are often ardently loving when they are not ardently in the mood for mutilation.

Much of the core of this madness seems to be the delusion that actual possession of the woman, as a chattel, is a man's right and privilege, not only when the law gives him a shadow of such right and privilege, but when it does not.

NOT ALL such cases end to the satisfaction of the authorities. There was, for instance, the shocking murder of Ruth Gornek in St. Louis, Mo., several years ago.

Mrs. Gornek was 15, and very pretty. Her hair and eyes and teeth and skin drew attention from the opposite sex, as her character drew attention from her teachers and associates. She had never given her parents a moment's anxiety.

On July 26, 1940, Ruth and a group of other girls went swimming in a pool located amid the trees and flower beds of Heman Park, in suburban University City. She left early, wearing her play suit and carrying her bathing suit and a towel.

Her body was found on a footpath in the park. She had been brutally beaten, her clothing torn from her, her fine teeth smashed out of her mouth, and the skirt of her play suit knotted around her slim neck.

The slayer had not succeeded in making a criminal assault, but there had been what Coroner O'Connell called "a violent attempt."

A large stone, stained with blood, to which hairs adhered, lay nearby, also her sun glasses, her kerchief she had worn over her head, and a bunch of withered hollyhocks.

THE NEXT day, after the victim's picture had appeared in the newspapers, three teen-age boys called at police headquarters with her bathing suit. They said they had found it the previous afternoon. In fact, they had seen Ruth let it slip off her arm, but they had been too far away to return it.

They said that they believed, but were not sure, that there was a young man with her.

One of the boys, 15-year-old William Fuller, had exhibited much interest in Ruth while she was at the swimming pool. He became a suspect, for he had been a delinquent since childhood; the people of his neighborhood had often complained that he said very objectionable things to their daughters.

Eventually the police announced that young Fuller had made a confession. He had slipped away from his companions in the park, they said, had picked the hollyhocks as a sort of love offering, and then approached his quarry with a smirking invitation to "do some sucking."

The alleged confession stated that Ruth had brushed him off with a remark about "bad, foolish little boys," whereupon he seized a stone, struck her with it, and then finished the killing by pulling her play suit around her throat.

When it came to the trial, the next January, the statement proved not to be enough. Fuller



JUSTICE and the Case of The Madmen Killers



insisted on the stand that his admissions had been beaten out of him while he was in great need of sleep. The jury returned an acquittal after two hours and 15 minutes.

The murder remained unsolved.

IN THE Spring of 1936, Mrs. Grace Elizabeth Mattice, a divorcee, ran a beauty parlor in Buffalo, N. Y., having come there from Detroit. Her half-grown son lived with her in a pleasant apartment behind the shop, and a nephew, of about the same age as her son, often came to stay for a visit.

On the evening of May 4, the son and nephew arrived home to find Mrs. Mattice strangled in her bed.

The police quickly concluded that she had been entertaining some one, apparently a man. Two persons had consumed a meal in the neat kitchen, and in the living room they had played a game of two-handed bridge. A score card had "Me" and "Grace" written in appropriate columns in heavy pressure script.

A pear on the small dining table had had one large bite eaten out of it, which the police surgeon showed could not have been done with Mrs. Mattice's teeth.

Another find was a flamboyant tie, evidently torn off in haste. As it seemed brand new, police officers checked the men's shops, and soon struck a trail. One shopkeeper reported



Fifteen-year-old Ruth Gornek (above), who went for a swim and was found slain by a maniac in a wooded Missouri park. At left is William Fuller, also 15, who was freed by a jury after repudiating a "confession" he said was forced.

94.5. Detectives took him into custody on the evening of May 5 as he made for the bus.

Questioning brought out that he was one Hilton Cullen, a married man with several children. Mrs. Mattice had known him in Detroit and left that city because he had become such a nuisance. However, he had journeyed to Buffalo, confident that his suit would prove successful.

Mrs. Mattice had encountered him as she returned from an afternoon errand, and had allowed him to come in stipulating that he was to behave himself.

They'd eaten an amiable enough meal together, then played cards. But after that he had turned ardent, with the result that Mrs. Mattice ordered him out. Furious, he had seized

her and dragged her to the bedroom, intending to commit a criminal assault, but her hate so glared from her eyes, he said, that he strangled her at once.

"With my own hands I choked her," he exulted.

In his trial, Cullen pleaded insanity due to jealousy and won a compromise sentence of 20 years to life.

BACK IN Linwood Township, a farming community a few miles north of Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 11, 1911, was a very busy day. The harvests were good and farm hands not as plentiful as they had been in the years before factory wages lured men to the cities.

Walter Bolton had been absent all summer from his farm because he had a well-paying job as bartender in Minneapolis, which allowed him to get home only twice a month. His wife, reared on a farm, and her elderly cousin, Frank Rhodes, performed the chores as well as they could and looked forward to the next year, when Walter planned to stay home with them.

On that September day, a neighbor turned up the tree-lined lane which led to the Bolton farmhouse. He was astonished to see the cows milling around in the meadow, evidently not having been milked for many hours. Moreover, every door was shut and every window down.

When his knockings and shouts brought no response, the neighbor smashed a window and got into the kitchen. Immediately he saw that something was very wrong.

The wooden milk churn stood in the middle of the floor and the milk in it was sour. There was a dark stain on the well-scrubbed floor, and this stain led to the cellar trapdoor. The neighbor raised the door and found himself staring into the glassy eyes of Mrs. Bolton.

Cousin Frank had been killed, too; his body was found in a shallow grave in the potato field, opposite the house. He had been thrown in when alive, had scrambled out, then been shot, then been hit with an axe and thrown in again.

Mrs. Bolton had been killed with her husband's rifle, which stood in its usual corner in the kitchen.

APPARENTLY the two had died on the previous Monday, since every farmer's wife in the region churned on that day. And according to neighbors, a stranger had been at the Bolton place for several days during the previous week—a tall, laughing man who said to every one, "Just call me Jim." They had surmised that he was a newly-hired farm hand.

Walter Bolton rushed home. He reported that the only thing missing from the house was an expensive mandolin.

In his search of the house, Bolton found, behind the clock on the living room mantel, a letter addressed to him which his wife had neglected to mail. After a few items about the affairs of the home, she had written:

"Well, I hired a hand. He came in the other day looking for work, so I took him on at \$20 a month and food. We call him Jim. He doesn't appear to have any last name. I am sure you will like him. He is so courteous and kind to me. He helps with the housework."

But Jim was one, as well as the mandolin. However, they soon turned up at a Minneapolis pawnshop, and the suspect

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Pretty Barbara Hutton in happy pose (left), and (on right) before her marital troubles with Actor Cary Grant blasted hopes for a love that would last.

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

BARBARA HUTTON, the "poor little rich girl" who for all her millions has known only poverty in love, has met tragedy again with the breakup of her third marriage, the one that had seemed a sure guarantee of her permanent happiness.

Her separation this past week from Cary Grant, the distinguished and wealthy film star who had married her for love and not for money, has amazed and grieved the friends of the ill-starred Woolworth heiress, who had believed that after two disastrous marital experiences, Barbara had at last found peace of mind and heart in a genuine love match.

They were all the more amazed because up until now, and ever since her marriage to Cary, she had appeared to radiate happiness, and to have changed from the harassed, excitement-seeking young divorcee to a serene and balanced young matron finding joy and contentment in the companionship of the man who had loved her, not for her fortune but for herself.

For it seemed that after her tragic life and her two disillusioning marriages, Barbara had attained tranquility in her marriage to Grant, and that an enduring relationship was destined to heal the heartaches of her past life.

But this was not to be, and even her closest friends do not presume to say just why this apparently happy marriage is a failure.

THEY KNOW that Barbara, during the past months, has been legally embroiled with her second husband, the Danish nobleman, Count Karl Haugwitz-Reventlow, in an effort to obtain further custody of their son, Lance, whom the count in

the midst of a legal battle in this country spirited away to Canada. And for her right to her little son Barbara has announced that she will wage war with the full power of her millions.

Naturally, this situation has distressed and grieved Barbara, and the more so because young Lance was devoted to Cary Grant and the two had become close pals.

It is a novel separation. Both are still living in the same house because Cary can't find another house, apartment or even a room in this wartime shortage.

"There is no chance of a reconciliation, and I think it's unfair and dishonest to take advantage of the name of my husband and to seek his protection because I am fighting to hold my child," said Barbara.

She said she and Cary had planned to separate last June, but that after the count had filed suit against her and had taken his little son to Vancouver, she had postponed any action.

Cary, she said, had promised to stand by her in her battle for her child, but Barbara said she thought it was better for them to part now.

"Apparently Cary wasn't happy and was only remaining because of my trouble," she said.

AND STILL, Hollywood cannot understand it. For Cary Grant, who had also known the disillusionment of an un-



Cary Grant has split with unhappy Barbara Hutton

happy marriage and had divorced the film actress Virginia Cherrill in 1935, had certainly seemed to be making Barbara happy.

He was neither the fortune-hunting playboy, Prince Alexis Mdivani, whom Barbara, in a mood of reckless romance, married at the age of 18, and who after their divorce was killed in an automobile accident, nor the aristocrat, Count Reventlow, who after a marriage frowned upon by Barbara's family and friends alike had taken her to his gloomy castle in Denmark, had influenced her to renounce her American citizenship and had attempted to mold her into a subservient and submissive wife which the standards of ancient Danish nobility demanded.

Cary Grant, who had worked himself tip from part-time acrobat in tenth rate traveling shows to one of the highest paid and most popular actors



Lance, Barbara's son by her second luckless marriage.



Cary Grant's ex-wife, the former Virginia Cherrill.

in the world, was one sister who could never be accused of wanting Barbara's money.

He was a millionaire himself, and received a cool \$150,000 every time he wished to make a picture. His services were in such demand in Hollywood that he might, if he had so desired, have rung up a fortune almost approximating Barbara's own great wealth.

But Cary had the well-earned reputation of being one of the most sensible and well balanced

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SUNDAY ADVERTISED PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 20, 1944—Page 5



Two female hearts that beat for one male bring to real life the roles enacted by them on the screen in "Two Girls and a Sailor." Above is pretty June Allyson, who seems to have "moved in" on her chum, cute Gloria DeHaven (above right) for the attentions of Dave Rose.

2 GIRLS and a BOY

By GEORGE LEWIS

THE sequel to M-G-M's wartime musical, "Two Girls and a Sailor," according to the Hollywood columnist, is "Two Girls and a Boy."

In "Two Girls and a Sailor," as millions of movie-goers will recall, blonde June Allyson and brunette Gloria De Haven were in love with Van Johnson, handsome bachelor actor from Newport, R. I.

It all ended happily, of course, with one girl getting the kisses of this dashing lad with the red hair, freckles and contagious grin, and the other girl retiring gracefully in the approved cinema fashion.

To date, if reports from filmdom are true, "Two Girls and a Boy" follows a similar pattern. Once again June and Gloria are romantic rivals, each bent on capturing the same man. The Boy, fortunate recipient of their mutual affections, is none other than Dave Rose, Chicago musical genius who first bestowed his love and name on Martha Raye, the lusty comedienne, and later wooed and won little Judy Garland.

Naturally, nobody will ever see "Two Girls and a Boy" on the screen. It isn't a make-believe story. It's the real thing. And in it, probably for the first time in Hollywood history, two exceptionally talented and promising young women are living the almost identical roles away from the cameras that they played before them.

AS FAR BACK as last March, when Dave Rose was definitely parted from Judy Garland, it was confidently expected by everybody supposedly in the know that he would



soon wed Gloria De Haven, who had been his constant companion for weeks.

Then June Allyson, Gloria's closest friend, put in an appearance. At first it seemed that she was merely subbing for Gloria and then it looked increasingly as if she were on her own. One couldn't honestly say that June had supplanted Gloria in Dave's heart, for one girl was with him as much as the other.

Now, say the columnists, it's anybody's guess who will emerge the winner. Unlike "Two Girls and a Sailor," in which all the characters followed the author's directions and behaved in a manner calculated to please theatrical audiences, "Two Girls and a Boy" hasn't the guidance of a well developed and carefully planned plot.

And, strangely, the denouement—or final scenes of this triangular drama—may be as difficult for Dave as for the intrigued onlookers and observers. Not only are June and Gloria very much alike in appearance, but their tastes, hopes and ambitions—in fact, their whole careers—are practically carbon copies of each other.

If the Hollywood columnists are right and it is true that both June and Gloria are in love with the highly attractive Dave Rose, will June give as good a sport off the screen as on it? Only time and the columnists will tell.

If she does, she won't have to plan a disappearance, as the writers of "Two Girls and a Sailor" had her doing. Already Dick Powell, the singing star and former husband of Joan Blondell, is smiling in her direction. Proving that Fate can be kinder than fiction, she might wed him.



Dave Rose, Hollywood composer, now in the Army, finds himself as the goal of two pretty chums.

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

OUR HATS are certainly off to those gallant girls who played tennis in such sweltering heat at the Longwood Cricket Club last week. . . . The spectators couldn't take it except for brief periods, and went back to the Preshey pool to cool off between times. . . . but the top-notch tennis players of the United States stayed right in there pitching, and didn't even seem exhausted after their matches. . . . Let no one mention the "weaker sex" after that!

As energetic as ever, and looking quite cool in her blue and white silk print, Mrs. Hazel H. Wightman was the center of an admiring group of champions and near-champions. . . . six of whom were her house guests during the tournament. . . . We hope that the party, scheduled for last night to celebrate the 35th anniversary of her entrance into the ranks of tennis champions, was a huge success. . . . we're sure it was. Mrs. J. Lewis Bremer, Mrs. William Shelden, Mrs. Whitfield Painter, Mrs. Lyman Olmstead and Mrs. Edward Fenno were among those in charge of the affair.

Braving the heat to watch the matches were Mrs. Gorham Palfrey, mother of Boston's famous tennis champions. . . . With her were her daughter, Mianne (Mrs. Franklin Deter), and the latter's small daughter, Pamela. . . . and Pamela's little Scotch cousin, Allison Fullerton, daughter of Elizabeth Palfrey Fullerton of Aberdeen, Scotland. . . . here for the duration.

VERY CHIC and very surprised was Mollie Rudd. . . . the Dwight Rudd's debutante. . . . when she arrived in town Wednesday, coming all the way from ocean-cooled Woods Hole, to attend Barbara Ginn's wedding.

Apparently Mollie hadn't read Tuesday's newspapers, so she didn't know that the bridegroom, Midshipman George Washington Helm, Jr., USNR, had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. . . . necessitating the postponement of the wedding and also of his commission as an ensign, which was to have taken place a few hours before the Wednesday afternoon ceremony.

Mollie looked lovely in a smart red frock, pert little navy blue hat and bag. . . . Incidentally, Mollie isn't spending all her time at "Topside," her parents' estate at Woods Hole. . . . she has been working hard as a Red Cross occupational therapy assistant at Camp Edwards.

Getting back to the postponed wedding. . . . we understand that the bridegroom-elect is out of danger, but is still too ill for any definite settling of another date. . . . It will be announced probably within a week.

VIRGINIA PORTER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Albert Porter of Brookline, was a lovely bride in chiffon and taffeta, with bishop sleeves and pearl-embroidered demure collar when she said "I do" to her RCAF lieutenant, Harold Kerrigan, last week. . . . The wedding took place in the garden of Mrs. Homer F. Livermore's Chestnut Hill home, with the Rev. A. Godfrey Lund officiating. . . . Jocelyn A. Kerrigan, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor, in periwinkle blue chiffon, and with an old-fashioned bouquet and matching head-dress.

The bridesmaids were Joan Hanson of Brookline, in blue chiffon, and Eloise Linscott of Brockton, in yellow. . . . they also carried Godey-book bouquets and wore caps of posies. . . . a very pretty wedding party.

Lt. Kerrigan, twice decorated (DSO and DFC) had his brother Peter as best man. . . . Their mother, Mrs. Harold G. Kerrigan of Westmount, Quebec, and Ridgewood Park, Godrich, Ontario, was also here for the wedding.



Mildred Drake Wed in Dorchester

Mildred Frances Drake, daughter of Mrs. Marie Lindig of Newton Park, Va. and Dorchester, became the bride Friday of MMic Leston Black, USN, of Cleveland, Ohio, at St. Matthew's Church in Dorchester.

The bride, who is a niece of Dr. John A. Neimant of Dorchester, attended Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and Burdett School. Her husband is a graduate of Bessemer Engineering School in Cleveland. They will live at Lido Beach, Staten Island, New York.

Engaged to Wed Australian Girl

MR. AND MRS. Frank J. Hopey of Milton have just heard from their son, T. 2c Theodore Hopey, the news of his engagement to an Australian girl.

The date of his wedding to Joan Francis, on the other side of the world, has not yet been set. Frank, a graduate of Dorchester High School, received his training at Pearl Harbor and has been in the Submarine Service for two years.

JEAN STOWELL CULLEN, whose engagement to John Paul Good, son of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Good of Commonwealth ave. and Cohasset was announced last week. . . . Jean, daughter of the E. Fred Cullen, is one of our most charming post-debs. The wedding will take place next month in Boston. . . . the date will probably be decided within a few days.

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By ALICE WILLIAMS

AN INCREASING NUMBER OF BOSTONIANS TREKKED NORTHWARD THIS summer for their vacations... and how wise they were, what with the temperatures so unbelievable these past weeks!

Sojourners at the Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill, N. H., include Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Miles of Brookline, the Edward Rigleys of Wayland and Lt. Robert M. Taft, USNR, of Worcester.

In the White Mountains also are Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Pratt of Cohasset, Mrs. Eben Howes Ellison of Newton... at the Mountain View House in Whitefield... and Mrs. Charles W. Blood of Auburndale, who are at Randolph, N. H., for the summer.

Canada is attracting more tourists this year... probably because the Saguenay river trip is one of the few cruises possible in wartime this side of the Great Lakes... Among the Bay Staters stopping off at Murray Bay, Quebec, are Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Bell of Needham, Paul H. Cassidy of Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Switzer of Clayton, Sylvie Rice and Betty Green of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lyon of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bannion of Weltham, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Powers of Belmont, and Margaret T. Rourke of Cambridge.

CAPE COD of course continues to attract a great many Bostonians... the Oyster Harbors summer colony gayest this summer than in some seasons... Among those at Osterville are Mrs. Frederick P. Fulton, with her infant son, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zenas Crocker, Jr.... house guests for a furlough visit are Lt. Col. and Mrs. Linwood Griffin, Jr., Zelda Crocker) and their 3-year-old son, Linwood... Zenas Crocker 3rd, ASTRP, was down on a leave from Norwich University in Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Bidwell are here also... their two sons are in the armed forces... the William H. Danforth of Wellesley have visiting them their daughter, Mrs. Willard A. Stephenson... her husband, a lieutenant in the army engineers, is somewhere in the Pacific area. Young Theodore Danforth is an Aviation Cadet in the Army Air Corps and is at a Texas base.

Other members of this colony are Mrs. Alexander Ellis formerly of Belmont, who will soon make her home in Park ave, New York, and her daughters, Shirley and Jean... also the A. Oram Fultons with their daughter, Mrs. E. J. B. Hutton of Milton with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. D. Thomas V. Hutton and her infant grandson.

THE NORTH SHORE contingent includes Mrs. Frances I. Amory, the former Nancy Beadleston, who is visiting the Amorys at Beverly Farms... the Thomas Barbours, also at Beverly Farms, and their daughters, Julia and Louisa... although Julie is so busy in Boston all week working for the AWVS that she spends little time on the beach, and Louisa works as a nurses' aide at the Beverly Hospital.

MUSIC LOVERS are looking forward to the second in the series of Sunday-Monday concerts at New England Mutual Hall, tonight and tomorrow evening at 8:30... especially so since Wallace Goodrich will direct the chamber music group of Boston Symphony Players and the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society.

The latter groups will sing excerpts from Handel's Oratorio, "Solomon." Also on the program is the Bach Concerto in C Major, with three soloists, a Mozart Symphony and "Six Contradances and two Minuets," by Beethoven.

Among those seen at last week's concert were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Titcomb, Mrs. William Ellery, Mrs. Charles S. French and Miss Margaret Fish.

JULIE BARBOUR and Jean Fellowes greeting friends in the Record City Room, and bent on getting publicity for the AWVS (American Women's Volunteer Service) in which Julie is captain of the Boston Unit... they need more girls who can drive and will give at least one day a week behind the steering wheel of an Army car... Among those who may be seen driving Uncle Sam's cars these days are Barbara Baldwin, Sally Sears, Jane Ferguson, Helen Underwood, Marian Cutler and Mrs. Philip Theobald.

THIS WEEK brought the announcement of another Chestnut Hill post-deb to an Air Force officer... that of pretty Jeanne LaCroix, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris F. LaCroix to Lt. Bigelow Crocker, Jr., USAAF.

Her fiancé, son of the Bigelow Crockers of Fitchburg, is a graduate of Belmont Hill School and enlisted in the Army Air Corp in March, 1943... He received his commission at Stockton Field, California, and is now first pilot of a Flying Fortress.

Jeanne, a debutante of the 1941-'42 season, was graduated from Beaver Country Day School and is now a senior at Smith... She is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Faine of Boston.



JEAN PIPES of Wellesley, Wendy Gray of Brookline, and Barbara Palmer of Newton Center pick a shady spot to watch the tennis matches played in sweltering heat at Longwood Cricket Club last week.

Wed in Trinity Church

WEARING a gown of candlelight ivory satin with insets of seed pearls, Virginia Shie, daughter of Mrs. J. Adelaide Shie of Cambridge, became the bride on Aug. 12 of Lt. Darrell Lloyd Ritter, USMC, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil H. Ritter of Ashland, O. The ceremony took place in Trinity Church, with Rev. Walter H. Young officiating, and was followed by a reception at the Copely-Plaza.

The bride's sister Janet, as maid of honor, wore a gown of pale blue brocade lace and net with matching veil and carried

an old-fashioned bouquet. The bridesmaids, in pastel pink and green brocade lace frocks with matching veils, were Dora M. Arthur of Cambridge, Dorothy Dyson, Medford, Mabel Santy and Enda Prescott of Boston. Ruth Santy was flower girl, and little James MacLeod of Winchester acted as ring-bearer.

Ens. Charles Bolkin, USNR, was best man, and ushers were Lt. Gene Bennett, Lt. Gene Flint, Lt. Ralph Monseus and Lt. James Olsen, all of the U. S. Marine Corps.

Lt. Ritter was graduated in 1943 from Leland Stanford University, Cal. The bride attended Katherine Gibbs and Bryant and Stratton schools.

Looking Ahead

Plans are getting under way for the annual home show at the Salem Country Club, this time to benefit the North Shore Babies' Hospital, on Saturday, Sept. 23... Mrs. George Smith will have charge of trophies, and her husband and Dwight Marsh will handle publicity... Other heads of committees are Henry Hayward, grounds committee; Warren Culver, program, and Mrs. Hazel Moulton, soliciting... Jack O'Callahan will handle tickets and judges' badges, etc... It promises to be one of the gala events on the North Shore's late summer calendar, and many of the young set members are planning to enter.

Son Born to The Meyer Ritvos

CAPT. AND MRS. MEYER RITVO are the happy parents of a son, Roger Alan, born at the Wyman House on Aug. 12. Mrs. Ritvo is the former Miriam R. S. Myers of Lawrence and Boston ("Mickey" Myers) and was connected before her marriage with the publicity firm of Downey-Myers. Capt. Ritvo, former Boston X-ray specialist, served with the Army Medical Corps overseas until he was wounded. He is now attached to the station hospital, Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky.



KATHLEEN MARIE DAVIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Davis of Dorchester, who have announced her engagement to Paul L. Dore, son of Mrs. John B. Dore of Cambridge and the late Mr. Dore, prominent Boston attorney

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Shore and Country

By THE REPORTER

CREATING MUCH INTEREST IN THE LAKE
Sunapee area is the final meeting of the Colby Junior College summer forum to be held tomorrow when the residents will turn out to hear an interesting talk by Col. Eradley Lewis, who will discuss "The Progress of U. S. Rubber Program."

Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Pike of Wellesley Hills, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Spencer of Quincy, L. E. Tappin of Lowell, and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McGuldrick of Auburndale are at the New London Inn.

At Russell's Inn, Georges Mills, are Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Norren and Nancy of Arlington, Louis Q. Battenman of Somerville, Fred Alexander of Cambridge, Frances O'Riordan of Brighton, and Patricia Turner of Woburn.

Across the lake at Sunapee Harbor arrivals at Yverdunne include Mr. and Mrs. James E. Lyons of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bliss of Taunton and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Corwin of Auburn.

Mrs. Earl Burke and her small son, Mrs. S. M. Chandler, Mrs. James Kelly and Mrs. Helen Davis, all of Arlington, are at Pen Mere Inn, as are May G. Coughlin, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cuzzo of Malden, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Grogan of Lexington, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Lajoie of Woburn, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Jones of Melrose, Mrs. J. Kinney of Jamaica Plain, Leonard S. Whalen of Reslinde.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Fletcher and Margaret C. Foley of Weston, are at the Sunapee Harbor House.

Much interest is shown by the summer colony in the annual flower show of the New London Garden Club, to be held in the Colby Junior College gymnasium on Saturday. There will be 14 classes of artistic arrangement, victory garden and other exhibits, all open to the public. At 3 p. m. Mrs. Walden E. Cummer, an officer of the National Council of Garden Clubs, will speak on flower arrangement. Mrs. Nathaniel W. Colby is general chairman and Mrs. A. B. Stimson club president.

GUESTS AT LAKESIDE
Lodge are Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Johnson of Arlington, Mr. and A. L. Swan of Middleton, Lt. (ig) Lillian G. Guard, USNR, of Boston, Eleanor Wilson of Allston, Mr. and Mrs. Stig Rosenberg and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Terhilo of Brockton.

Also here are Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. Baur of Swampscott, J. B. Kennard of Boston, Mrs. Lutz Coburn of Medford, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Trulsen of Norwood, Gladys L. Phillips of Lynn, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Zedlin of Newtonville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Martin, H. H. Miller, H. P. Miller, of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Coyne of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kenney, Virginia, Robert and Ray, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Bartow and Carleton, Jr. of Belmont—all are at the Brocklebank, New London. Sailing races under the direction of Richard G. Norris of Chestnut Hill, enliven the lake on week-ends.

OVER AT NEW HAMPTON
the Garden Club is planning a flower show for Tuesday at the

Gordon Nash Library, with Mrs. Robert Flood as general chairman.

Vacationing in this area are the Harry Sawyers of Melrose and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Prince and their daughter, Gale, of Somerville.

Marion and Rita Hawkes of Roxbury, are at their camp at Hill Center, Joan and Donald Hoxie of Wellesley Hills, are guests at Westwynde, Alexandria, Mrs. E. E. Larsen, Petty Lee and Bobbie of Hingham are at Bridgewater.

The Red Cross unit on Governor's Island, which meets on Wednesdays at the Stone Barn, was in charge of Mrs. Fred Stock of Boston last week. Mrs. Maynard Dominick, also of the Hub, is another active member of the Red Cross group, which has just announced a Monday evening meeting for surgical dressings.

A SALE FOR the benefit of the United China Relief Fund was held in the York Harbor, Me., Library this week. Mrs. Frederick B. Fisher and Mrs. William Gray, formerly of Dedham, were active in preparations. Mrs. Paul Lin and Mrs. Wei-dong-Wu, young Chinese brides, came down from Boston.

Bostonians have been active at a number of other social events. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Warren Gentry recently entertained at the Reading Room, where Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Murray Williams also had two tables.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Horton held open house at York Village this week for Mr. and Mrs. William B. Horton.

The new president of the Year Country Club is Seth Low Pierpont. Others elected were Lucien B. Horton, vice-president; Col. Robert E. Goodwin, treasurer; C. Richard Steedman, secretary; Frank D. Marshall, clerk; Marshall Morgan, Col. Goodwin, Fergus Reid, Jr., and Harold C. Richards, directors.

AT CAPE PORPOISE, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cram, Woburn, were among judges at a recent fancy dress party at Langsford House. Those awarded prizes for best costumes included Mrs. Charles Pierce, Dover; Mrs. Marion Parks, Boston; Dr. Paul Cleaves, West Springfield; Mrs. Parke Appel, Belmont; and Harry Stackhouse, Newtonville.

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No. Shore Resorters

WITH RACE WEEK over on the North Shore, the summer colonists have settled down to their usual round of activities making the most of the fleeting summer.

Enjoying the diversified sports here are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thayer, who are frequent guests at the smart Corinthian Club in scenic Marblehead.

Others here are Dr. and Mrs. Frank Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scully, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Doane, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Hovstad and Mr. and Mrs. Allice Alrich.

Among those viewed at the club's very special dances are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tierney, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ayer Johnson.

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MRS. JACOB SWARTZ, the former Ethel Marcus, daughter of Mrs. Anna Marcus of Highland st., Revere, who became the bride of Pvt. Jacob Swartz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Swartz of Howard ave., Roxbury, who recently returned from the South Pacific.

Betrothal of Irene Pendolari

MR. AND MRS. ROMEO I. PENDOLARI of Framingham and Point Independence announce the engagement of their daughter, Irene Mary, to Pvt. Joseph G. Herbert, Jr., of U. S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Herbert, also of Framingham.

The bride-elect is a senior at Regis College. Her fiancé attended St. Philip's and prior to his entrance into service was a member of the Junior Class at Boston College.

Victory Barn Dance in Winthrop

A VICTORY BARN Dance will be held on Saturday evening at 8 p. m. in the Winthrop Community Building, under the auspices of the B'nai B'rith Ocean Auxiliaries.

Mrs. Eva Gould is in charge of tickets.

Ruby Freedman Engaged to Wed

MR. AND MRS. ABRAHAM FREEDMAN of Summitt ave., Brighton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruby, to Sgt. Joseph S. Sandler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Sandler of Lowell.

The bride-elect is employed in one of the Boston stores. Her fiancé, a law student prior to his entrance into service, is stationed at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

TWO Massachusetts SPARS, Ruth Olson of Worcester and Betty J. Bowman of Brockton, both women 2c... were among the 1-1-39 members of the Coast Guard Women's Reserve who have been trained as radio technicians and have been assigned to radio repair shops in Philadelphia.

Pvt. Kathryn Ledbetter of Pine Crest rd., Newton Center, daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. C. E. Ledbetter, is undergoing basic training with the WAC at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. She is a graduate of Lasell Junior College, Auburndale.

Ens. Constantina Bouras of Lynn and Ens. Rita L. Bourgas of Amesbury, of the SPARS, have been assigned for duty at the First Naval District... Ens. Marion Frederickson of Waltham, Ens. Elinor Storey of Arlington, and Ens. Ruth Whitley of Quincy are attached to the Third Naval District, New York.

Pvt. Judith Brooks of the WAC, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louise L. Brooks of Westwood, is taking her basic training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. She is a graduate of Wellesley College and was formerly a French teacher.

Serving with the SPARS at Seattle, Wash., in the 13th Naval District, is a representative from the Bay State... Ens. Margaret B. Howatt... of Waban.

Graduated as lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps are girls from Massachusetts, including Martha Curran of North Andover, Dorothy A. Doherty of Wellesley Hills, Janet Duncan, of Westford; Margaret Eggleston of Lynn; Veronica Freely of Newton, and Eleanor Feinde of Danvers.

PFC. Margaret F. Esson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Esson of Hamilton st., Dorchester, has been promoted to corporal at Camp Pickett, Va.

Serving as a stenographer in the Marine Corps is Pvt. Geraldine Howland, daughter of Frank B. Howland of Townsend st., Boston, who is stationed at the Marine Air Base at Cherry Point, N. C.

Overseas with the Red Cross are Eleanor B. Grannan of Arlington and Margaret L. Wilson of Wellesley, who are in Italy, and Sarah S. Reed of Dedham, assigned to work in England.

On duty with the Marine Corps in Camp Pendleton, Cal., is Cpl. Lucille R. Ragan of Boston, who was recently transferred from Camp Elliott, also in California.

PFC. Anna F. Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Nellie O. Outus of Crest st., West Concord, was graduated from the Marine Corps Women's Reserve Messing Center at Camp Lejeune, N. C.



AN AUGUST BRIDE... Mrs. Julian B. Gouse, the former Marcia Tuck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Tuck of Chelsea, who was wed to Ens. Julian B. Gouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Gouse of Brookline, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

Vacationers at Resorts in N. H.

ENJOYING A vacation at Governor's Island are the Kenneth Douglasses of Newton, Mr. and Mrs. John Hillier and their teen-age daughter, Jean, of Baintree, Mr. and Mrs. William Larkin and Mr. and Mrs. Royden Griffin of Lynnfield Center, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Barnard of Waban.

Mrs. Alice Dixon Bond, literary editor in Boston, is taking a month off at Little Bear Camp on South Acres... Randall A. Whittier of Arlington is at Whittier Camp, Mirror Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bullock of Wollaston, and Mrs. M. C. Hall of Brookline, are at Melvin Village... Mrs. George A. Dodge, Mrs. Harriet James and Adele Cone of Brookline, are at Look Out Hill Camp, South Wolfboro.

Mrs. Paul Rouke of Waltham is at her summer home in Brookfield... Alice G. Boyden of Newtonville is among the resorters at Cotton Valley.

The Carlton Spencers, with daughters Nancy and Ann, are vacationing at Wakefield.

The James Connolly family and Mr. and Mrs. John Harney of Beverly, are at Pleasant Valley.

Couple Celebrate 57th Anniversary

A PARTY in honor of the 57th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Lufkin of South Essex is being celebrated this afternoon at their home.

Attending the gala celebration are members of the family, including the couple's children, Mrs. Almira Rich and Mrs. Gladys O'Donnell of Gloucester, and Mrs. Anna Means of Essex, as well as a large group of friends.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

WOULD you like to look younger than your age? Well, for most women, there is a scientific cream that can accomplish this beautifying result to a degree hitherto thought impossible. Created seven years ago, it has proven that it helps to improve the skin itself, not just its superficial appearance.

It is the one face cream that contains actual, a laboratory-developed counterpart of a natural skin-vitalizing substance, which is absorbed beneath the skin's surface to rebuild cells and tissues, thus aiding the skin to regain its firmness, freshness, smoothness and radiant charm.

If the skin of your face and throat is aging, losing its beauty, this scientifically composed cream, with a seven-year record of success for so many other women, may help you to regain your lost charm, firming and freshening your skin into an alluring and beautiful complexion of youthfulness.

There is no need for any woman to grow old facially, to permit lines and wrinkles to stay put in her countenance when she is so young and gay of heart.

For this cream is helping so many women to recapture the youth of face and throats through its function to aid the skin in recapturing a smoother, firmer complexion of face and throat.

For the name of this scientific, youthifying cream, phone the Beauty Dept., Liberty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Pattern



Pattern 9060 comes in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper, requires 1 yard 35-inch fabric, and blouse, 1/2 yard 35-inch. Send twenty cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

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On the Side

by E.V. DURLING

Illustrated by King Emerson Blvd. The Look Avo he laughs and stiches out his arms. And even wags his blue eyes upon them. To had his father while his little form flutters as winged with joy. Talk out of pain! The children cherub walt might even thee The pleasure of a parent.

—RYKON.

WHAT ARE the six greatest pleasures or thrills experienced by a parent? One is when the child is born. Another is when he first talks and the next when he first walks. You name the other three.

Some feminine subscribers seem confused as to our Horses & Women Department. They object to the horses being named first, stating it should be "Women & Horses Department." The subjects are not named by us in the order of importance, but alphabetically. Others protest a combination of horses and women as "a general subject." They are treated as separate and distinct subjects. They are two subjects which men have great difficulty in understanding. Our object is to do what we can to assist male subscribers to better understand horses and women, especially women. If men understand women better they can love them better. Men who understand women make the best husbands. As for the horses, an understanding of equines will help many a man save money. As to combining these subjects as matters for discussion we have a distinguished precedent. Rudyard Kipling, referring to matters which people discussed the most, said: "Four things greater than all things are, women and horses and power and war."

A New York restaurant has 50 different kinds of spaghetti listed on its menu. So I note it reported. That surprises me. I can only think of 13 kinds of spaghetti. However, I am an accomplished spaghetti eater, having taken lessons in the art from Jack Scott, formerly middleweight champion spaghetti eater of New York. Here's a question for you to answer quick as a flash. What's the difference between spaghetti and macaroni?

MAYOR LA GUARDIA of New York is a pipe smoker. In my memory New York has never had a mayor who was a cigar smoker. Such a man should be given a chance to handle the affairs of the municipality. The best governor the State of New York ever had was a cigar smoker. I am referring, of course, to Alfred E. Smith.

We must become resigned to one thing. No matter what we claim, someone in Brooklyn will top it. A Brooklynite writes: "You say Mr. Joe Bonomo is the only man who can tear a New York telephone book in half with his bare hands. My husband, Sgt. Bernard Gold, born and brought up in Brooklyn, not only tears New York telephone books in halves but he tears the halves into quarters. He is overman. I am sending him your article to remind him of the time our honeymoon he tore up all the phone books in our hotel room."

THE POSTWAR period of World War One. How well do you recall its first two years? On Jan. 19, 1919, the State Department declared the Prohibition Amendment ratified and

set Jan. 16, 1920, as the date it would become operative. On March 15, 1919, one thousand delegates representing all units of the American Expeditionary Forces met in Paris and formed the American Legion. First Legion convention was held in St. Louis, Mo., May 8-10. At end of war crime began to increase, especially in Chicago. One week in 1919 there were 251 holdups in that city. On Jan. 26, 1920, 14 months after the Armistice, New York City saw its last parade of returning soldiers. The Chicago White Sox baseball scandal took place in 1919. In 1920 eight of the White Sox were tried by a Chicago court and acquitted, but they never got their jobs back. In 1920 Theda Bara appeared in The Blue Flame. All over the country crowds mobbed tax offices to get a look at Theda in this film. On Nov. 2, 1920, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge, in the Presidential election, defeated James M. Cox and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Most people have forgotten that Mr. Roosevelt ran as a losing candidate for the office of Vice President.

WHAT ACT was vaudeville's greatest attraction? None other than Harry Houdini, the handcuff king. Some of the "escapes" Houdini staged for publicity purposes were better than his act. For example, his escape from a packing box tossed into a river. Also his getting out of a strait-jacket and his many escapes after being locked in supposedly escape proof cells. Nobody has ever been able to successfully imitate Houdini. However, Harry didn't accept all challenges. A Gloucester, Mass., fisherman said he would tie Houdini's thumbs behind his back and then bet a \$1000 the handcuff king couldn't get out of the knot. Houdini wouldn't take a chance.

Dogs are like people in some respects. Each canine has some particular item of food he is wild about. Our pup is an ice cream fiend. Friend of mine has a dog which is crazy about coffee. Also know a fellow who has a pup which loves beer. A New Yorker says he is organizing a "Haters of Metal Laundry Tags Club." I am going to join it. I certainly do hate those metal tags the laundry men put on socks.

HOWARD LINDSAY. Tired after playing five seasons in the same show, Life With Father, Joseph Jefferson was made of much sterner stuff. He starred in Rip Van Winkle for 40 seasons! . . . Billy Petrolle. The Fargo Express. One of the most popular leather-pushers of all time. Billy defeated three world's champions but was never a champion himself.

"My wedding ring hasn't been off my finger for even one second in 39 years," states a Californian. . . . The comics are still kidding Katharine Hepburn's manner of speaking. The comics of the gentry-year burlesques Ethel Barrymore the same way. But Ethel is still a star and most of the comics who kidded her are forgotten. . . . You rarely see a red-headed woman with an attractive coat of tan. A sunburned red-head looks very much like an overbred Maine lobster. Blondes also have their difficulties in this respect. The brunettes suffer the least, tan the best and are always the best beauties of the beach.

War Nerves and Hollywood Divorces

Continued from Page 3

had since grown up to be a desirable young lady. They married in Beverly Hills and honeymooned as Carmel, Cal. Then came the call back to duty and the letters which were to lead to divorce.

Her husband is 35 now and Martha is 22. Just what will become of their marriage—be it war nerves or the trend of times remains to be seen.

THEN there's Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, whose marital bliss started back in November, 1938—more than three years before Pearl Harbor and nearly a year before Nazi invasion hit. They had literally set the world afire.

Truly, theirs was a real-life success and romance story.

For more than two years—a record for Hollywood—Miss Lupino, product of a noted British stage family, and Hayward, son of a South African banker, were engaged.

But the bridegroom-to-be, who later was destined to fight in Tarawa as a captain of Marines, would not have marriage until he too, had made a name for himself in pictures.

Hayward had vowed he would not task in the glory of Miss Lupino's fame. In the fall of 1938 he attained stardom and gave the word "Let's Go!"

Just what happened between the two has not been made clear.

It can't be that Ida's war work has caused a rift, as did the war work of Martha O'Driscoll because Hayward went "all out" for Ida when she took up ambulance corp work within a few weeks after Pearl Harbor.

"I hope she gets her diploma soon," he laughed, "as he told about her using him as a 'victim' during her course in air raid nursing. They were happy then."

It wasn't long before war turned Louis Hayward, movie actor, into Capt. Louis Hayward, U. S. Marine Corps. The wide Pacific beckoned and away he went.

Probably no one will ever know from the principals just what happened when Capt. Hayward returned from Tarawa and had a talk with Miss Lupino. But it was shortly after that divorce plans were revealed.

MARITAL troubles of Jackie "The Kid" Conagan and Flower Fairy also were of deep concern to Hollywood.

Jackie, of course, has been pretty busy of late as an Army glider pilot in the Burma area.

But his breakup came at the very outset of his soldier career in 1942 and only a month to the

day after his son, John Anthony Conagan, was born.

Jackie was a private in the quartermaster corps at Ft. Stockton then. Less than a year before he had gone AWOL to marry Larry and was content to return to private peeling as punishment.

Since then Jackie has' been a long way and his name has been associated with a number of glamour girls including Ramsey Ames, dated by letter from overseas, and Penny Hale, who launched a year ago last May that Jackie and she were going to be married.

While Hollywood is trying to figure out such wartime divorces, however, the kind of movies has its quota of couples who are carrying on. Notably among these, of course, is the happy couple being pursued by Robert Taylor and Pauline Stanley, the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Mary Lee Epling Hartford), and Ginger Rogers and Marine Pvt. Jack Triggs, to mention a few.

The question comes down now to who is next. And, who ever is next is certain to be well analyzed for it may be that even the actors and actresses themselves will find themselves in a guessing contest.

"Is it war nerves or just Hollywood?"

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Faithful Friends

by EYE JOLLY

"I thank God he permitted the wolves to scourge you because of your sins. If only you would lead better lives, you would be friends of God and also friends of all creatures of God."—ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.

RESPONSIBILITY builds character and it's a wise parent who, though willing to supervise, insists that the child take full responsibility for the care and welfare of his pet.

A child of 10 can easily understand directions for the care and feeding of his pet, as explained in any number of simple booklets available on these subjects.

Children with a well guided sense of responsibility and pride will want their "pal" in "sick shape" all the time and they'll want to enter him in show competition when pet exhibitions are revived throughout the country this fall and winter. Pet shows, for children, are great character training. They teach showmanship in every sense of the word. However, if a child is to enter competition with his pet, parents have a responsibility, too.

If a child has been taught to keep his pet in good condition all the time, conditioning "for the show" needn't be considered. The pet should be clean, well behaved, properly controlled. A collar and good leash should be provided for dogs. A cage, crate or suitable container should be provided for the child's "odd" pets, such as frogs, snakes or rats.

Be sure your child under-

stands, when he takes his pet to a show that he is to stay with his pet, not wander away for hours at a time with friends, leaving the bird or animal unattended in a strange place. (It would not be amiss if adults, who regularly show pets in competition, could take the above admonition to heart!) Discuss show rules with the child so that he will understand that when an exercise period is announced, he can, if he wishes, remove his pet from the bench and water and exercise him. The child must understand what he is to do if the pet becomes ill, or lost.

Do let your child enter shows with his pet, whether his pet is center of dog or Great Dane. Encourage him and help him, but insist that he alone be responsible for the care and handling of the animal. Help him to understand that he and his pet are always "on exhibition" and that general kindness and good care are only just treatment where ALL pets are concerned.

The two returned to Holly-

The Lady and the Cowboy

Continued from Page 2

on the ground, there were two long finger scratches on his left cheek.

"What caused the scratches?" Brazil says, "Those marks were not there when he left the Linde home the night of his murder, but they were there when he was found with a bullet in his brain."

"It looks to me as if a hand had been raked down his face." Brazil won't affirm or deny that he has sensational evidence in the case that he will bring to light only when it comes to trial.

He has as witnesses, however, two cowboys, Leo Intes and Leo Vasquez, who say they rushed to the ranch gate as soon as they heard the shot fired.

They say Mrs. Andrews was there.

And their description of the position of the body and the gun is far different from that given by official investigators who arrived an hour later.

ONLY THE trial will determine whether it was murder or suicide. Only the trial will decide whether, as the state contends, Mrs. Andrews was madly jealous of the young cowboy's affections, or whether—as the defense holds, she was merely befriending him.

At any rate, the Cowboy and the Lady were a queer combination.

Mrs. Andrews is the daughter of S. C. Fertig, wealthy oil man and horse breeder. Raised in luxury all her life, she lived in Pasadena, Cal., dur-

ing her youth and attended private school there.

Her first husband, whom she divorced was Biddle Dorsey, the crack polo player.

Jay Lovett, on the other hand, was born of a poor family out of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Andrews quite freely admits she befriended him. She also insists that he committed suicide.

Though she refused to testify before the grand jury, Dis. Atty. Brazil did introduce into the record her statement, which he says she gave to him soon after the shooting.

"Did you have any quarrel with Lovett that night?" Brazil says he asked.

"No I didn't," she replied, adding, "well, not what you would call a quarrel. I scolded him for telling me a lie. I always scolded him."

ASKED BY Brazil if she scolded him "for his association with Mrs. Nancy Linde" with whom he dined a few hours before he was shot to death, Mrs. Andrews denied she had.

At that time, the district attorney says, she told him there was nothing in young Lovett's manner to indicate he was contemplating suicide.

"No I didn't," she replied, adding, "well, not what you would call a quarrel. I scolded him for telling me a lie. I always scolded him."

So in a few months, the Strange Case of the Cowboy and the Lady will go to trial in Monterey County Superior Court with the blonde Mrs. Andrews fighting for her life.

The State will claim she shot him down because she saw his love slipping away.

The defense will declare there wasn't any love between the two and that the handsome, dark-haired boy put a pistol to his head and committed suicide.

In this true detective story of mystery at midnight on a lonely California ranch, only the jury can write the last chapter.

Rich Barbara Hutton Poor in Love

Continued from Page 5

men in pictures. Through bitter experience, he had learned that the way to stay famous is to preserve and not flaunt his high regard of his abilities. And so he lived a quiet, normal life outside the studio, with dignity and decency, avoiding night clubs and cultivating his real friends and intellectual squall.

HE HAD simple tastes and he was impatient to the blatant and hectic pursuit of false gaiety to which many Hollywood stars had succumbed. And at the time of his marriage to Barbara, it was generally believed that he would be the perfect balance wheel for her somewhat impetuous and unbalanced temperament.

He too had survived several heart-attacks, not a few heart-aches and one unhappy marriage. And money, strangely enough, was partly responsible for the crackup of his first marriage with Virginia Cherrill.

They were married in London where Grant had been born Archibald Leach, and where his desperate struggle for wealth and fame had started. He had played in cheap music halls, had barnstormed through scores of dead towns, and had arrived in America not to find immediate success on stage and screen, but to find his first job as a "fall man" at Coney Island, and to be glad of the chance.

When he returned to London, after his early partial progress in Hollywood, he was only beginning to make money. Virginia liked to spend it, and was convinced that she should have more.

The two returned to Hollywood only a year. After various divorce suits had been started and halted, Virginia finally divorced him in Los Angeles in 1935. She said he was "faddish, stingy and abusive." He said she was "extravagant and unreasonable." Virginia has since married the Earl of Jersey and is living in London.

CARY'S NEXT big heart interest was the blonde film actress, Phyllis Brooks, daughter of a New England physician. They were formally engaged for two years, but for some undisclosed reason their romance faded.

There were a few brief intervals of dates with Fay Wray and Rosalind Russell, and then Cary met Barbara at the home of Countess di Frasso, and from that time on they dated for each other alone.

It was significant that even during their long association before their marriage—Barbara was still having sporadic divorce trouble with her Danish count who she shunned the more publicized hot spots of the film colony and chose obscure little cafes and remote, unfashionable hideouts on the coast.

Barbara had developed a phobia, and with reason, as far as publicity was concerned. She had suffered her full share from it all her life, from the days of her highly headlined childhood in New York and Newport, as the "poor little rich girl," with her guards and governesses and nurses, her vast 5- and 10 fortune and her inability, because of it, to live as a carefree normal child.

When Barbara met Cary she had just endured the even more pitiless publicity of her breakup with her foreign count. In desperation she had hired a Hollywood press agent to keep her name OUT of the papers. Even this leaked out and made more headlines.

TO PROTECT Barbara, Cary himself summoned publicity, although as an actor it was professionally important to him. But he believed that Barbara was his first responsibility, a nerve-shattered, badly frightened and bewildered girl who

had developed a distrust of all humanity, and who shrank in dread from acquaintances and strangers alike.

It was Cary's job to reassure her, to help her find a path to others and her faith in men. That faith had been torn away from her. All her life she had made mistakes, and now she had made her second major mistake—her disastrous marriage—and was paying for it in heart-break and regret.

She believed that everyone was after her money; that there was no such thing in life for her as being loved for herself. So she believed that the American public in general held her in contempt for her renunciation of her American citizenship, and for her stupidity in choosing too fortune-seeking foreign noblemen for her first two husbands.

But Cary loved her, and his strength and gentleness brought her out of the morose shadow of self-doubt and suspicion, and sharing his love, she seemed to regain her faith in the possibility of happiness.

And so on July 9, 1937, they were married at Lake Arrowhead, Cal., at a quiet ceremony with only four friends as witnesses. And after a honeymoon far away from everyone, they returned to Hollywood, where Cary had important roles awaiting him.

Their life together seemed ideal. They entertained

only their close friends, and there seemed between them a bond of love and compassion that would not be severed.

Barbara's expression of radiant serenity delighted the public, who immediately began to flock to her. She had found a way to herself, away from a world she believed to be hostile. At her few public appearances, the Grants appeared to be still in the honeymoon stage of love.

Barbara had regained her American citizenship and Cary had become an American citizen. He had won the admiration of his fellow-Americans when, after being turned down for enlistment in the services, he had devoted his time and great talent to servicemen in camps throughout the country, and organizing shows which brought into the Treasury War Bonds and not conceal her pride in him.

But then came the startling announcement of a separation. There is no divorce contemplated, but now, Barbara says, neither is there hope of reconciliation and Cary only adds sadly:

"What she says is unfortunately true." So once again the "poor little rich girl" is poor again, and all her millions have not helped her in her search for an enduring love.

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Vee-Mor provides these vital elements in a pleasant, palatable form. With Vee-Mor you want to eat less and get more in time, you are more completely nourished. Your body is accustomed to utilize stored-up calories and pounds slip away. Unless of course your fat is abnormal and due to some systemic disorder, in that case you should see your physician.

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Justice and the Madmen Killers

Continued from Page 4

James F. Dygart, was taken into custody. Meanwhile, Walter Bolton and his neighbors were stunned by a most scandalous story.

SOME BOYS, having heard that Mrs. Bolton wanted to buy a dog, had gone to the farmhouse one evening at twilight. They had seen Frank Rhodes trudging up the road to town, and when they went up on the porch and looked in, they saw Mrs. Bolton and a strange man embracing on a sofa. Embarrassed, they had slipped off and away.

But on that fatal Monday, while she was churning and he was eating his noon meal, he had announced that she must now prepare to go off wandering with him. No, she had replied, she had no intention of going anywhere with a man without a penny to his name.

She went on churning while the farm hand got up from his chair, took the rifle from its accustomed place in the corner, and shot her.

Then he lay in wait for Rhodes.

For these two killings, Dygart received the extreme penalty which, in Minnesota, is life imprisonment.

AT HER rooming house on Garfield st., Kansas City, Mo., nobody knew much about beautiful Mrs. Maxine Howard, 26-year-old war worker. Dignified, self-sufficient, pleasant but reserved, she lived such a solitary existence that her landlady remarked that it wasn't natural for such a lovely girl to be so lonely.

Usually she arrived home from the plant at about 1 a. m.—she worked until the midnight shift—but on the night of March 27, 1943, she arrived an hour late. Moreover, someone was with her. Another roomer heard her exclaim: "Don't, Millard, don't," and then there were four shots in the hall.

Three of the bullets had struck the hallway wall. The other had struck her in the heart.

Investigation showed that Maxine Howard had married twice, and that her first husband, whom she had divorced, was the father of the three children. She had married Millard Howard in the hope that he would become as attached to the children as she was, but, although for a time he had feigned great fondness, eventually he had grown to hate them.

Results left him at once, hid herself from him, and prepared to obtain a divorce.

The police discovered that Howard had bought his pistol only two days before the tragedy, after Maxine had threaten-

ed to go to the police if he did not stop annoying her. He got 40 years to life.

ON JULY 13, 1932, W. E. Griffiths, his wife and son drove home to their farm near Moundville, Mo., through a violent thunderstorm, which came after a prolonged drought. They worried some during their trip because they knew that Merle, their 21-year-old daughter, was hysterically afraid of thunderstorms.

As they turned into their driveway, they were mildly surprised that a young man whom they knew only casually had turned his car in right behind them. He was Cleo Truskett, seeking shelter in their house until the cloudburst had stopped.

They found Merle lying on the sofa in the living room, as if resting. She had been killed with a shotgun, fired at her chest, and she had been dead about two hours.

Among the possible clues was a pencil-scrawled remark on the margin of a love story magazine found in Merle's room. The particular story was about a girl who had yielded after refusing love, and the notation read: "This story is just like us, so won't you please read it!"

Merle's diary contained another lead, for she had confessed that she was very much frightened of the boy friend of her best girl friend. The boy friend was Cleo Truskett.

He confessed almost at once.

HE HAD been "in love" with Merle's girl friend, whom he thought had been turned against him by Merle, but he also had a secret desire, he said, for Merle, who was very pretty and utterly aloof, openly showing her indifference and dislike of him.

Russell Kraus had a handsome and good wife, who managed to keep a frugal home for him in Elwood, Ind., although he was a most uncertain provider. She would have left him, but he had repeatedly threatened to kill her if she did. Meanwhile, Laura Ida Smith, young daughter of a poor home with many children, made the acquaintance of Kraus under the name of Douglas Seifert. Laura was quite attractive, and she was also eager for pleasure, clothes, and occasionally liquor. Her mother had not been able to restrain her.

Kraus told the girl, falsely, that he owned a garage and had therefore been deferred in the draft. She went with him for several weeks—this was in April and May, 1943—and then announced to her family that she would be married the next day, although none of her family had met Kraus; indeed, Laura did not even know where he lived.

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One of her married sisters and a young man friend of the family drove off in the car which Kraus Seifert called for the bridal party on May 20. Mrs. Smith, weeping, stood in a window and waved good-bye.

THEY HEADED for a town where Kraus said he knew a Justice of the Peace. On the way, he saw some wildflowers in the woods, and asked Laura if she wouldn't like to pick some for her wedding. She agreed and went off happily into the woods with him, out of sight of the two who waited in the car.

When the prospective newlyweds returned, Laura seemed much subdued. Where before she had been most talkative, now she was silent.

The sister and the friend got out to get a glass of beer when they entered the town, but Laura said she guessed she'd stay in the car. When they returned, a few minutes later, she was dying from a shot in the breast, and Kraus was gone.

Laura lived long enough to whisper to her mother what had happened.

Kraus had drawn her into the woods and tried to be intimate with her, but she repulsed him. Then he sneered that he was already married, that he had never intended to marry her, and that he was taking her to a hotel, after which she "could find plenty of men" to supply her with all she needed.

In the car while the others were having their beer, she had slapped Kraus, told him she wanted nothing more to do with him, ordered him to return her to her home. He admitted as soon as he was caught, that slap had been too much for him.

Strange to relate, it took two trials to convict him, and then the sentence was a meager 20 years.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 20, 1944—Page 13

Mollie Rapport

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Walk-In Service

Louella O. Parsons in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Motion Picture Editor International News Service

THE saga of Michael Curtiz, Hungarian director, is a fantastic tale that sometimes happens in our town of Hollywood. Mike arrived 17 years ago, unheralded and unknown. Today he is one of the best known directors as well as one of the town's most lovable characters. He was offered \$260 in American money by Harry Warner, who signed him in Paris.

First met Mike a few days after he landed in Hollywood, at the home of Bess Meredith, famed scenario writer whom he later married. When I say he is one of the very few I do not regret calling me "Lolly," you get an idea we have been good friends through the years. I was one of five guests when he married Bess Meredith.

Since those days he has become famous as a male Malaprop, putting Samuel Goldwyn's so-called "knicks" far in the shade. Mike didn't mind in the beginning getting laughs when he twisted the king's English, but of late the maker of most of Warner's hit pictures gets a little hot under the collar when certain Curtizisms are attributed to him. His priceless remarks are not, let me say, a lack of education, for he is one of the most intelligent men I know, but rather an inability to perfectly understand the English language.

One story I love: He had an argument with an actor, and since he seldom dislikes anyone he listened when friends tried to straighten out the argument. Finally Mike said: "Well, I'll say one thing in his defense—he's just a fool!"

In a scene in "Roughly Speaking," the picture he now is directing with Rosalind Russell, Mike wanted Don Woods to walk faster as he crossed the lawn to the house. "Fastener it up the walk, Don—fastener it up," he called.

In the same picture he called Jo Ann Marlowe, child actress, who forgot to take off her slippers when she jumped into bed:

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KEXER (Lobby) **GARY COOPER**
THE STORY OF DR. WASSALL
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SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 14—BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 29, 1944

"Take off your feet, darling, before you jump into bed."

THE MAN who was up for the Academy Award four years in succession—one year in two pictures—and finally last year captured the coveted Oscar, has had an amazing array of pictures. The movies he has directed range from war dramas and murder mysteries to such typical American home tales as "Janie."

When I mentioned to Mrs. Curtiz how surprising that Mike, who still talks with a marked accent, could get so perfectly the American ideas, she said: "Don't you remember the first picture Mike made in America was 'Third Degree' with Dolores Costello, who was then Warner's greatest star?"

He directed Errol Flynn in Errol's first picture, "The Case of the Curious Bride," a thriller-chiller, and it was he who gave John Garfield his first chance in "Four Daughters." Mike's career is filled with discoveries, and his skill as a cutter is reported to be second to none in all Hollywood.

But, whether he likes it or not, his career judgment in picture making is sprinkled with sayings that should be published in book form. There are hundreds of other stories, but through it all there is a little by quality that is charming.

He was terribly hurt at the opening of "Since You Went Away" because the doorman paid no attention to him and his car which was the last to be called. "What good is it winning an Academy Award," he said. "A lady with a poodle got all the attention."

That lady, whom I suspect was Lady Milt, I know would have gladly let Mike go first, for he is just the sort of person Elsie would like to know.

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Box Seat, \$1.50, Bal. \$1.00, Ent. \$1.00
SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 14—BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 29, 1944



CATHARINE DOUCET has one of the featured roles in "Last Stop," first of the new fall shows at the Wilbur tomorrow night.



BETTY HUTTON is the blonde bombshell who will headline the stage show opening at the RKO-Boston next Thursday.



ANNE SHIRLEY is co-starred with Michael O'Shea in "Man From Frisco," which comes to the Paramount and Fenway Thursday.



CARL BENTON REID will be the head of the family in "Life With Father," which comes to the Colonial Aug. 29.

Burlesque Season Opens

Burlesque is here again, which is a happy harbinger of the good things to come for the big show fans. It's the Old Howard that has put out the welcome mat, with Benny ("The Wop") Moore to provide the laughs.

Pretty Lea Wakefield is the 2nd who takes the spotlight, along with that glamorous Lili St. Cyr—both headliners, too.

Harry Bentley is another headliner, Carol Lord, Chickie O'Dell and Eddie Floyd are other top-notchers on a gala

opening bill, with Franklyn Hopkins, Conny Ryan and Evelyn Lang to share in the Howard hit parade.

Today at the Uptown

Frederic March stars on today's program at the Uptown, where "The Adventures of Mark Twain" takes top honors. Alexis Smith and Alan Hale are featured.

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